

SICK

No. 99

© 02891

40¢

AUGUST

Movie Spoof:
THE EXOR-SICK

BONUS CUTOUTS
LOONY LABELS
IN COLOR!

KITE CONTEST
WINNERS

Racy Humor:
STREAKING



LOONY LABELS

Kampbell's

CONDEMNED



**SICKEN
NOODLE**

UM, UM, GOOD GOD!

GOUP



BREAKING SODA

**SMASHES GAS
QUELLS SMELLS
SUBVERTS DIRT**

Max-NOT-SO-Well

*instant
coffin*

GOOD TILL THE LAST...
DROP DEAD



A PURE AND NATURAL KILLER OVER THE YEARS

FREEDOM IN OUR JAILST



CUT-OUT AND PASTE OVER ORIGINALS
MORE INSIDE BACK COVER

I LOVE MY WIFE, BUT OH, YOU

SICK

No. 99

August 1974

Volume 14 Number 3

"The family that sprays together stays together . . ."
—HUCKLEBERRY FINK

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Editorial Director
PHIL HIRSCH

Editor
PAUL LAIKIN

Associate Editor
FRED WOLFE

Circulation Director
RON ADELSON

Production Manager
HAL HOCHVERT

Contributing Editors

Bob Heit, Aron Mayer, Eden Norah, Gregg Axelrod,
Marylyn Ippolito, Hope Lee, Huckleberry Fink

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ATTENTION WORLD: What do you send to a sick florist?

SICK is . . .



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Page 33

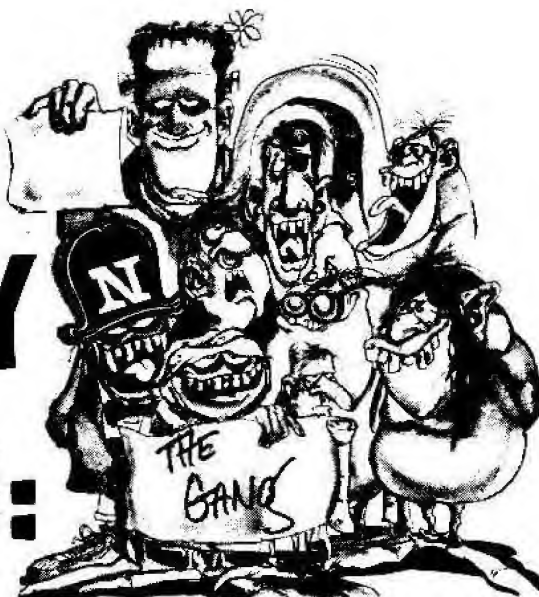


Page 11



Page 30

SICK- CERELY YOURS:



WE GET LETTERS ... DEAR EDITOR:

SICK Beats The High Cost Of Meat was absolutely hilarious. I laughed so much I lost my appetite.

Joseph DiStefano
Madison, Wisc.

ED: That's a typical symptom affecting most SICK readers!

Enjoyed your "Grin-ness Book of World Records" in the March issue. Got one more for you: Sick holds the world's record for consistently turning out fine comedy material.

R.L. Byrnes
Pawtucket, R.I.

I hung up your 1974 Sick Calendar on my door and my friends keep throwing darts at it. It's real groovy ...

Tommy Bartell
Tampa, Fla.

**HELP PREVENT
YOUTH DECAY**

Read SICK

"Eulogies For Movie Monsters" in the March issue was fabulous. The one I liked best was the Invisible Man ...

Jerry Panuchak
Ames, Iowa

ED: And most readers said that personally, they couldn't see it!

Wow! You guys have done it again! "Feet First" (#97) was real far out! Imagine! Shoes conversing with each other!

Lenny Kievo
Ft. Worth, Tex.

ED: What's the big deal, haven't you heard of sole-talk?

The front cover, Sick Beats The High Cost Of Meat, was super. Those candy wrappers were something else. Man, they looked so real I wanted to eat the cover. Glad I bought the issue.

Paul Peterson, Jr.
Topeka, Kansas

ED: Glad to see you also put your money where your mouth is!

I loved SICK #97, particularly "Kooky Klassifieds," "The Sick History Quiz" and "Sick Plays Post Office." The thing I hated was "How To Be A Poor Sport."

Barry DeLeo
Salem, Oregon

Your back cover of SICK #97, the one of Mount Rushmore with Nixon there wearing ear-phones, was too much. Really outasite. Do you think Nixon will ever have his face on Mount Rushmore?

Sheila LaPlanne
New Orleans, La.

ED: Not while the government still advocates the program: "Keep America Beautiful!"

"Let's Put Zoos Back In Who's Zoo" was hilarious! Thanks to Hope Lee for a very funny article!

Toby Garnett
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

ED: Yes, animal stories bring out the beast in her!

I must protest your making fun of the energy crisis in your last issue. The oil shortage is a serious thing and I don't think you should treat it lightly. That goes for your so-called Watergate humor also. Those two things are nothing to laugh at!

R.G. Snell
Minneapolis, Minn.

ED: You're right—oil and water-gate don't mix!

Congratulations on your choice of Mason Reese as your Comedian of the Month (June). He's the freshest, funniest, funkiest face on the whole scene today!

Naomi Rogers
Joplin, Mo.

I really thought that satire on Acne-12 was hilarious. Keep up the good work.

Rodney Martin
Nashville, Tenn.

ED: You mean you want us to do an Acne-13?

I just wanted you to know that I found a new spare-time hobby. It's really fun. You too should try. You simply take a pair of scissors and cut up that insane-looking representative of SICK on your cover. It truly gives me a thrill!

June Thornhill
Muncie, Indiana

ED: Yes, Huckleberry Fink is quite a cutup!

SIGN OF THE MONTH

**CLOSED
DUE TO BIRTH
IN FAMILY**

(on a Funeral Parlor Window)

Just want to tell you that I'm very happy to find SICK here in France, because it teaches me a lot about America. Also it's quite funny, and about the best magazine on the market today for young people . . .

Catherine Robert
Vienne, France

ED: Fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong—but one Frenchwoman?

...

I dug your thing on "SICK Plays Post Office" but that's not the kind of "Post Office" I play around here! I dig my game better!

Lois Brown
Danbury, Conn.

ED: If you're game, we are too!

...

I'd like to see my name in your magazine . . .

Paul Osterman, Jr.
Linden, N.J.

ED: We'd like to see your name on our subscription list . . .

...

WHO IS SICK'S COMEDIAN OF THE MONTH?



**TO SEE WHO THIS
INFANT GREW UP TO BE,
TURN TO PAGE 41.**

I enjoyed your "Specialized Suicide Notes" and I loved your "Do-It-Yourself Guide" and I broke out laughing when I read your "Archeology Finds" . . .

Raymond Ernest
Lupkin, Texas

ED: That's six pages—what about the rest of the magazine?

...

I must comment on your article, "You Think You're Ugly?" That was a truly Sick article!

Marissa Myers
Del City, Okla.

ED: Wait'll you read "You Think You're Sick?" That's a truly ugly article!

BUTTON OF THE MONTH



(dedicated to
the Nixons)

...

Is it possible for you to do more on "Tricky Dicky" and Watergate? Don't you think they should have a cartoon book on it?

Daniel Hagarty
Winsted, Conn.

I'm serious now! Why don't you leave Nixon alone? Why do you constantly make fun of him? After all, he's still President of the United States!

Ronald Reiker
Chicago, Ill.

ED: No comment necessary.

...

Your magazine is great, but could you send it to people's homes by mail? If you could, tell me where to write.

Brad Lorello
Stow, Ohio

ED: Send \$3.00 to SICK SUBSCRIPTIONS, Pyramid Publications, 919 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, for six issues plus the SICK ANNUAL.

This month, somebody bought Hitler's old Mercedes for \$175,000. A full tank of gas was included in the deal. This guy was nobody's fuel! . . .

And if you think there's no paper shortage, just take a look in your billfold. If you still have a billfold, . . .

Nobody's immune from strife. Did you hear that in Japan, hippies are going crazy looking for RSD? . . .

And in Hollywood they're planning a sequel to Jonathan Livingston Seagull. They figure one good tern deserves another. And the new theme song? "Thank Heaven For Little Gulls" . . .

Speaking of Hollywood, Ann-Margaret's looking around for a last name, and Bradford Dillman's looking for a first one . . .

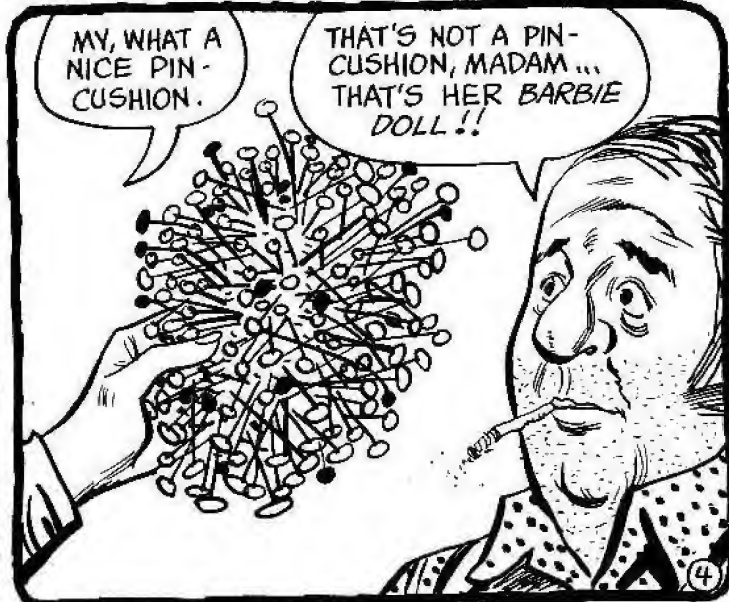
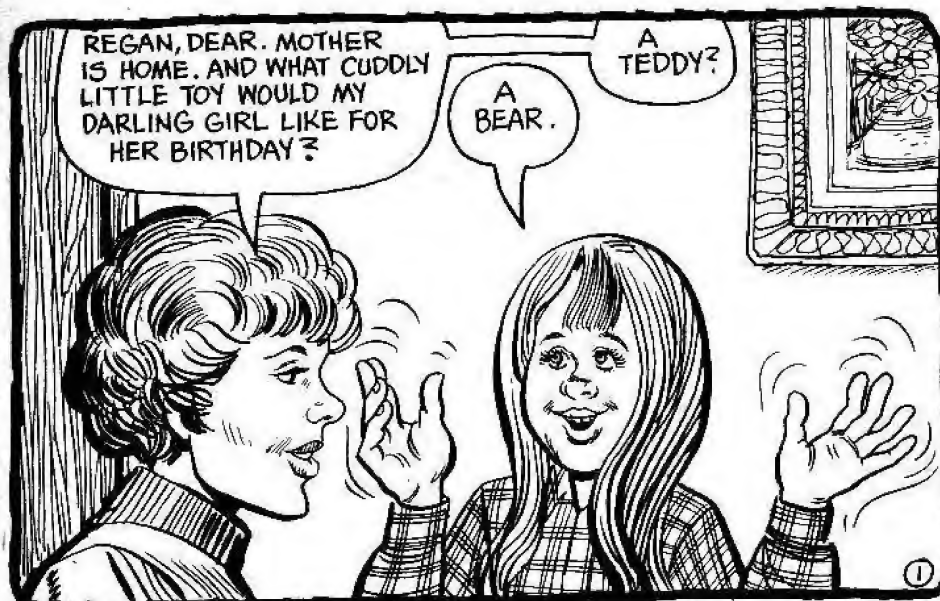
Meanwhile, with auto, gas and tire prices the way they are, we should all get together and try to find a better word for Freeway . . .

I leave you with one last thought: Wanna know what real trouble is? It's when your false teeth start having cavities!



AT LAST!! A PICTURE THAT HAS SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY...
NAUSEA! IN FACT, EVERY THEATER SEAT IS EQUIPPED WITH A
RETCH BAG. WE WOULDN'T SAY THIS PICTURE IS FRIGHTENING,
 BUT 18 SHOCKPROOF WATCHES HAD NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS!
 IF YOU'RE STILL UNCONVINCED, SOMEBODY SPOTTED VINCENT
 PRICE IN THE LOBBY... CLINGING DESPERATELY TO HIS
 SECURITY BLANKET!

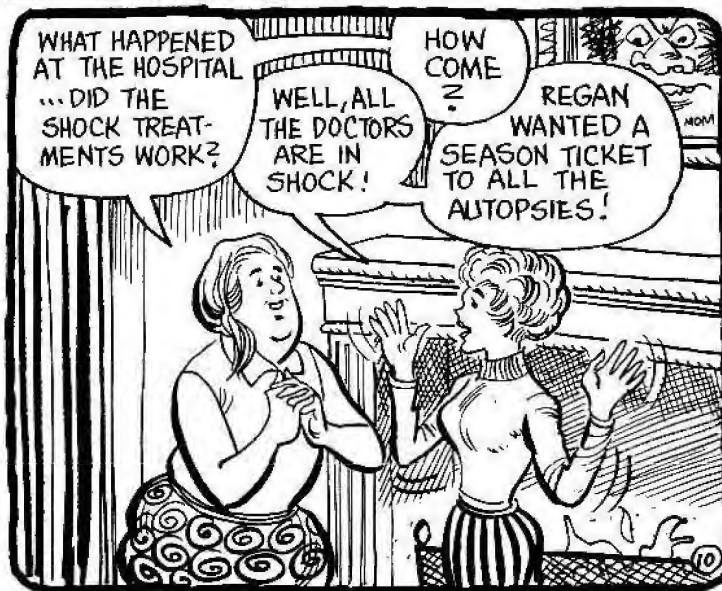
THE EXOR.

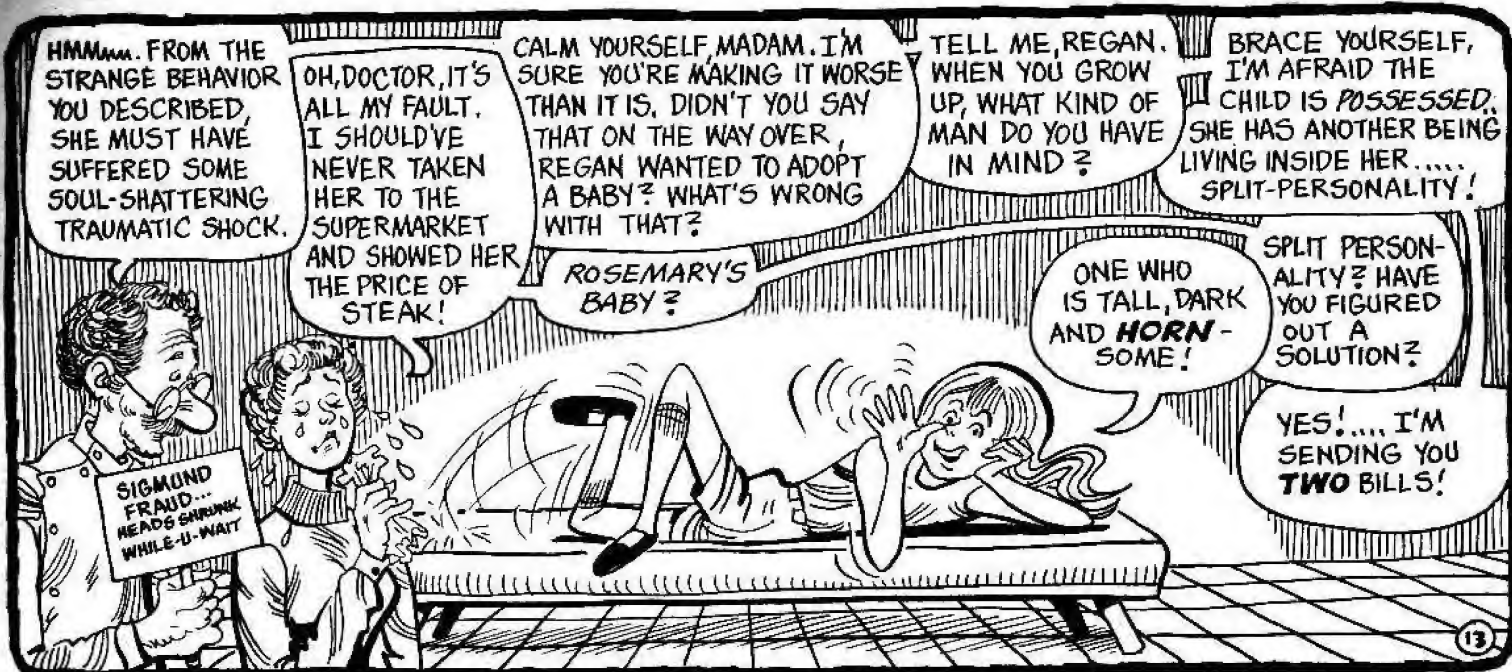


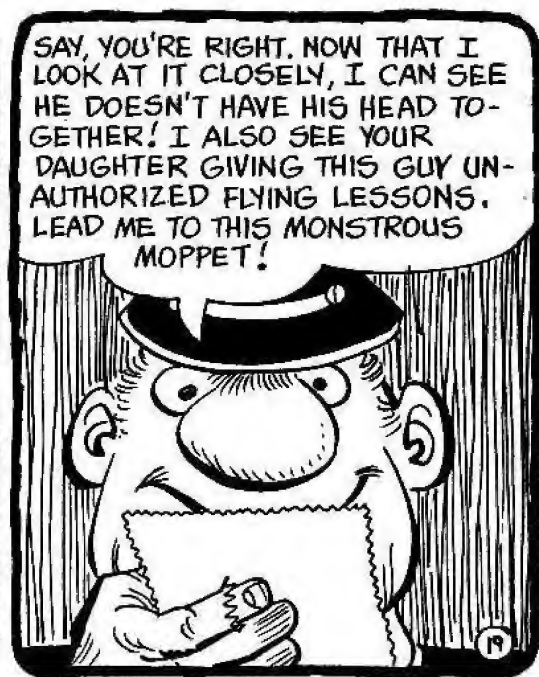
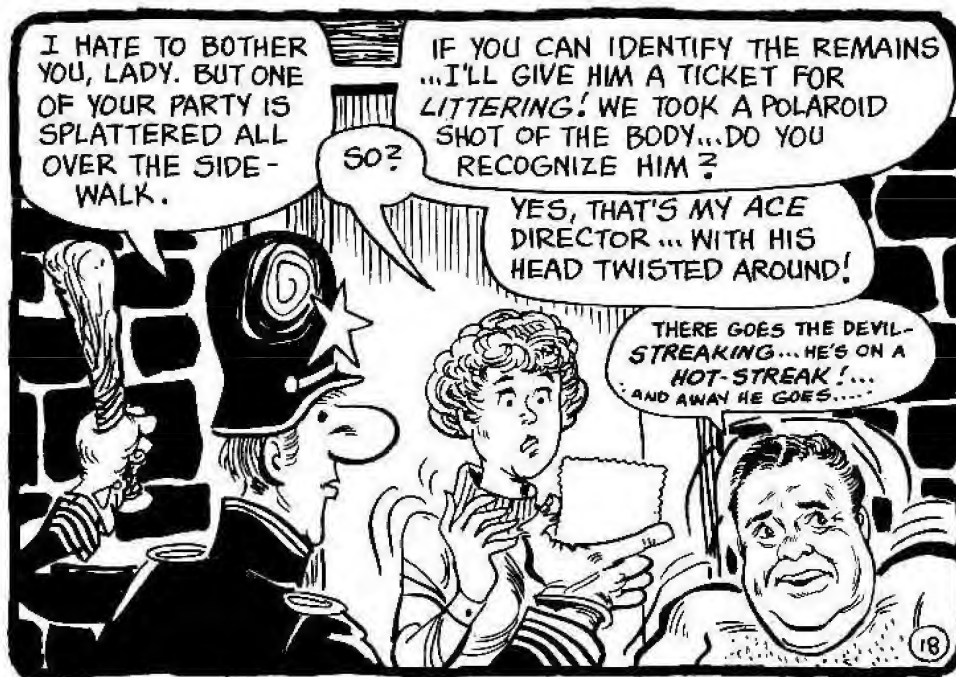
SICK

SCRIPT BY
FRED
WOLFE

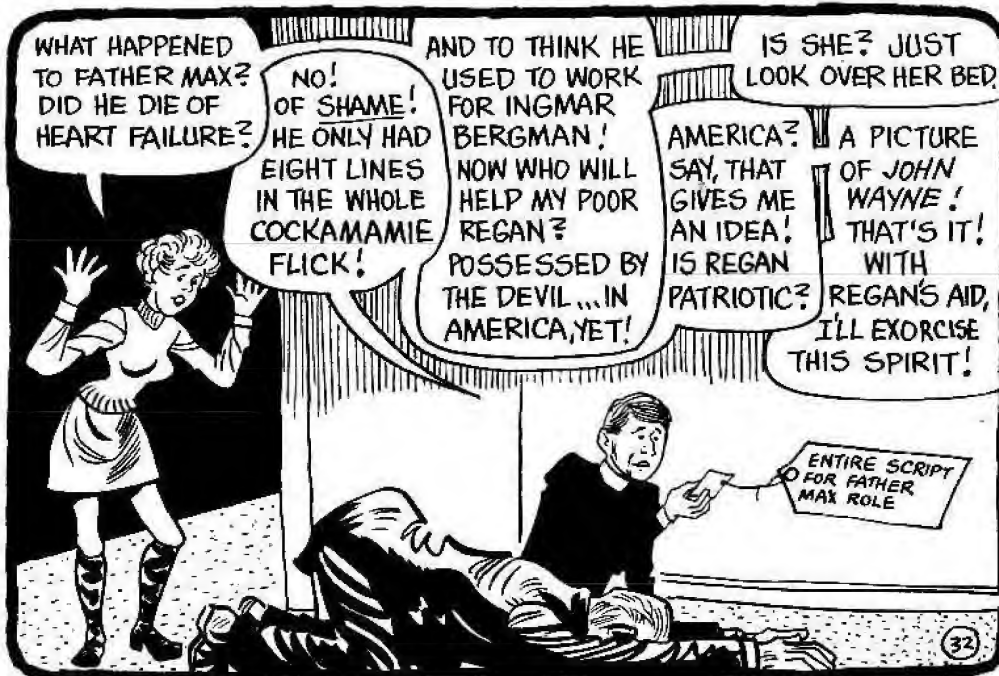
ART BY
TONY
TALLARICO











SPECIAL
AWARD-LOSING
ARTICLE

"PHONES ARE I WOULDN'T WANT TO MARRY ONE!"



AND NOW, HERE THEY ARE: RAQUEL WELCH . . .

"Maybe we ought to let her
have a phone in her room . . ."

WONDERFUL BUT MY DAUGHTER

by
ERMA BOMBECK
and BIL KEANE

"TELEPHONE!" I yelled to my daughter.

"Who is it?" she yelled back.

"It's Bear."

"I got it," she yelled. "Hang up."

"Him again?" snarled my husband.

"Shhh. What's the matter with Bear?"

"He's a sex maniac, that's what he is."

"How can you tell? You've never even seen him."

"That's the point. How come he never comes around to the house? Every hour of every day that phone rings and he's calling. Bear could be a recording for all we know. Besides, can't you just get a picture of a guy named Bear?"

"I visualize Bear as a big, lovable teddy bear who eats out of picnic baskets."

"Funny," he said rustling his paper, "I see him as a big, grizzly with sharp teeth, strong arms and hairy feet."

Whatever Bear was, he was to remain anonymous.

When the phone rang, my daughter would snatch it and run into a closet, shut the door and whisper into the receiver until we threatened to detonate her.

"What in the world do you find to talk about?" I asked.

"Bear is deep," she said.

"Why doesn't he ever come to the house to see you?"

"He's shy."

"Then you have seen him?"

"Of course, I've seen him."

Bear bothered me . . . or the thought of him did. One night I had a dream that Bear and my daughter were getting married. She was a vision in filmy white as her father escorted her down the aisle. At the end, she was met by a representative of the phone company who joined her hand with a receiver with Bear on the other end.

She was attended by six Princess phones in assorted colors and six black wall phones. During the ceremony, an electronic system played "How Dry I Am."

The reception was even weirder. Daddy and I gave them a chest of dimes and quarters and a phone directory from each of the fifty states. Our daughter left the reception alone. She was going to rendezvous with Bear in a phone booth in Ft. Lauderdale.

I didn't tell anyone about the dream. It was too ridiculous.

But the next night I dreamed again. This time my daughter was in tears. "I am getting a divorce from Bear," she sobbed. "I am charging him with harassment. It was terrible. Every time he wanted me to pass the butter, he'd run to the phone and call me up. I nearly went crazy running back and forth to the phone. Of course, there's the child to consider. Do you want to see your grandchild, Mother?"

"Oh yes," I said eagerly, reaching out to snatch the blanket from her. "Then deposit a dime," she said, throwing back the covers to reveal a small pay phone.

I know it was only a dream, but it was upsetting. I had a talk with her. "Look, either Bear materializes before our eyes or we will cut off his phone privileges. This is too ridiculous. You spend more time on a telephone than a storm-door salesman."

Later, my husband mumbled, "Phones are wonderful instruments, but I wouldn't want our daughter to marry one."

I knew then that when Bear called I would hang up. ●



"I don't understand, dear, you used to have such a nice way with children!"

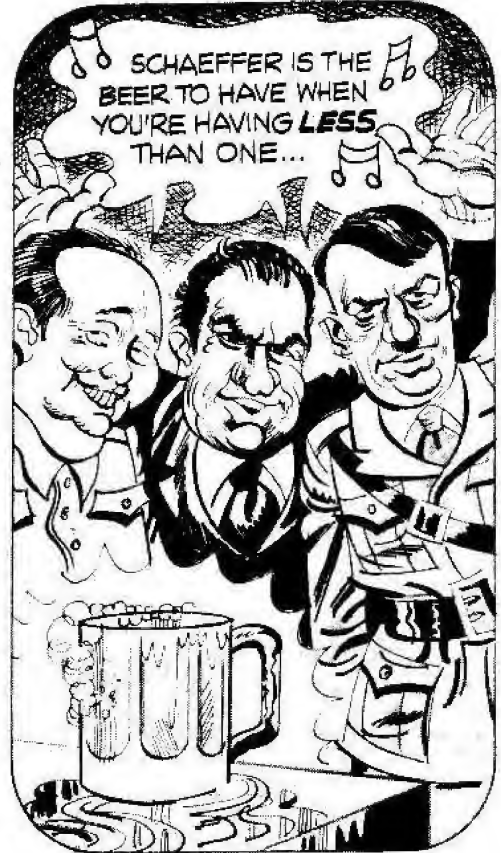
The only thing there's no shortage of these days is shortages. If they continue at this rate, here's what we can expect in the future . . .

Script by: BOB HEIT
Art by: Jerry Grundenetti

WHEN EVERYTHING

ON TELEVISION...

DOCTOR CYCLOPS WAS AN OPTICAL ILLUSION

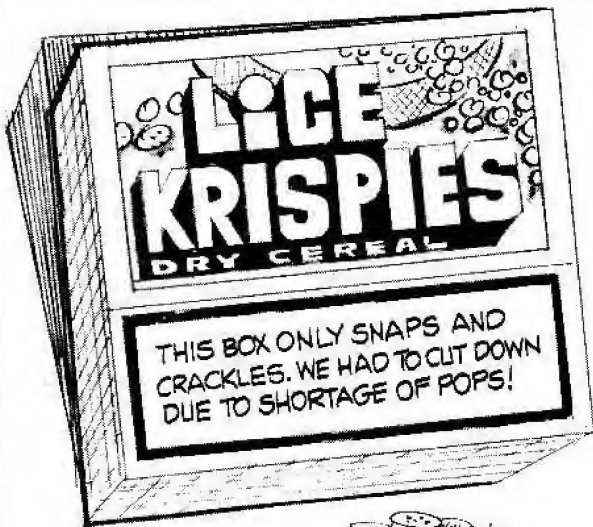


IN EVERYDAY LIFE...



BECOMES A SHORTAGE

IN SUPERMARKETS...



EVEN ON BILLBOARDS...



JUST ABOUT EVERYWHERE...



NOTE: DUE TO A SHORTAGE OF PAPER, THIS IS THE END OF THE ARTICLE

↑
SORRY, BUT THERE'S A SENTENCE SHORTAGE TOO!

In these days of ever-increasing expansion in sports, the most difficult problem is finding enough athletes. Right? Wrong, you dum-dums! The most difficult problem is finding enough nicknames! Anticipating the day when sports franchises will be spread across the globe, we proudly present...

INTERNATIONAL SPORTS NICKNAMES

Created by LEN HERMAN



ROY ROGERS IS TRIGGER-HAPPY!

I Love My Wife
But Oh You Kite!

Kiss Me, Kite

I'll String
Along with You

Straighten Up
and Fly Kite!

The High and
the Flighty

The Sky's
the Limit

The Kite
of Appeal

Wind In
My Tails

WINNERS OF SICK'S **NAME- THAT-KITE CONTEST**

AIR SICK

submitted by
JAMES CASPER
Sacto, Calif.

FLY PAPER

submitted by
T. HIGGINS
White Plains, N.Y.

NATURAL HIGH

submitted by
CAROL BURNEY
Wilmington, N.C.

**EACH RECEIVES A BRAND-NEW
HIGH-FLYING CHAMPIONSHIP KITE**

HONORABLE MENTION

DAVID BENNETT
Benton, Wisc.

JOE MORRIS
Bloomington, Ga.

S. CASSETTA
Winthrop, Mass.

RAY BROWN
Guernsey, Wyoming

R. S. HOFFMAN
Dolton, Ill.

SCOTT CARRICO
Deerfield Beach, Fla.

ALEX ZAMM
Kingston, N.Y.

J. PASKO
Schenectady, N.Y.

DOUG JOHNSON
Pleasantville, N.Y.

SCOTT DICKSON
Jackson, Tenn.

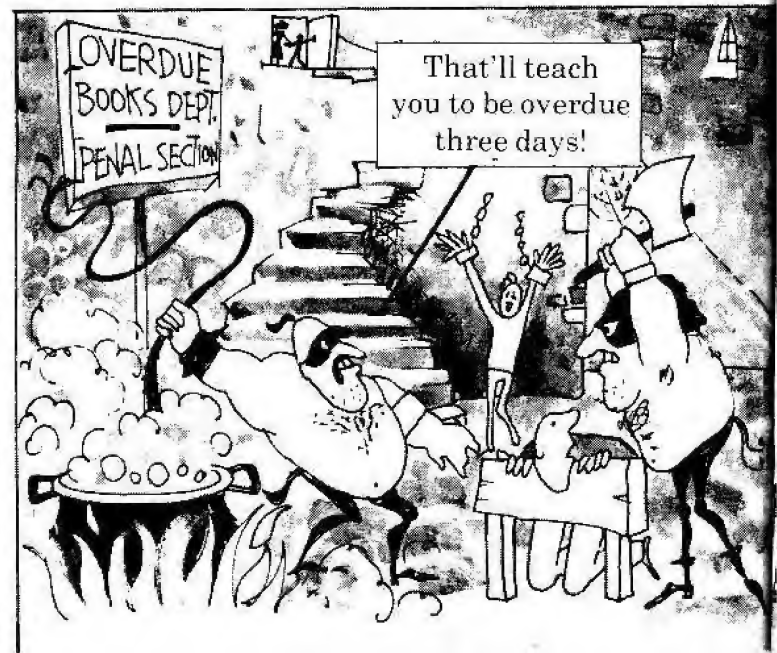
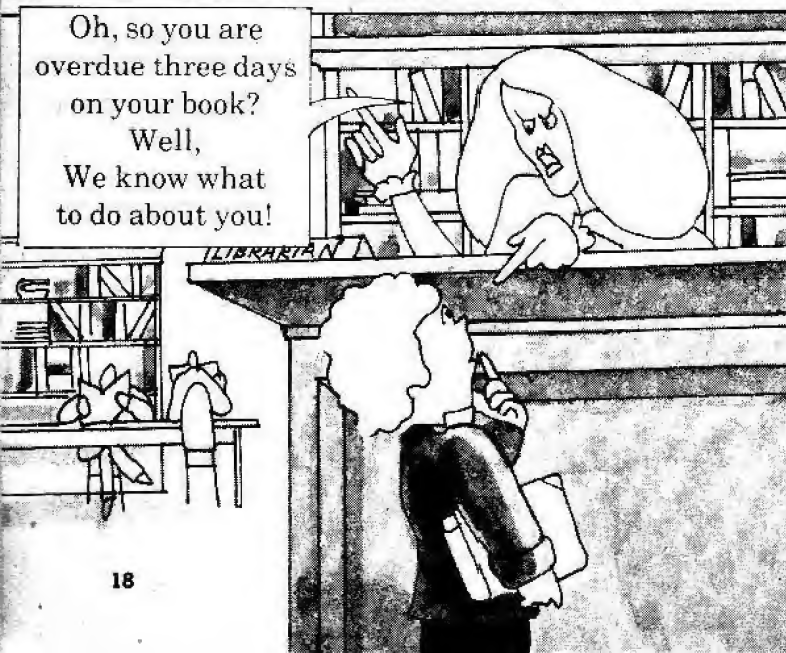
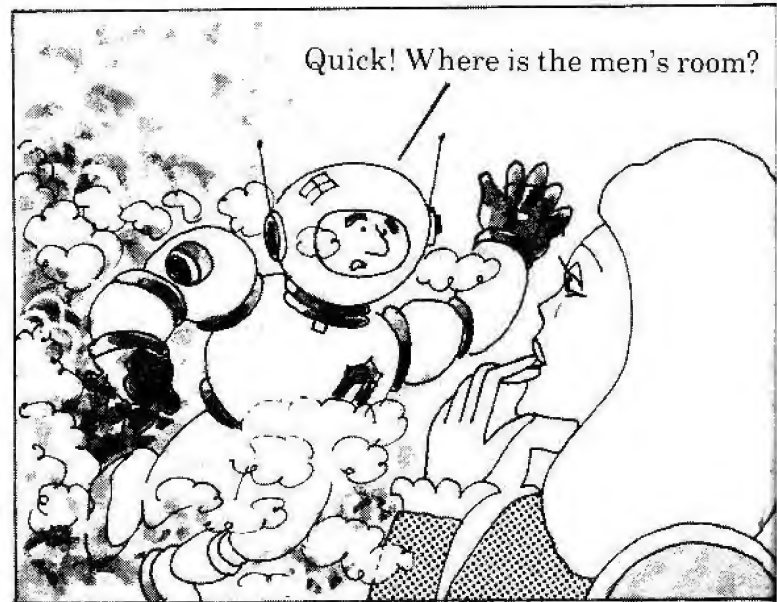
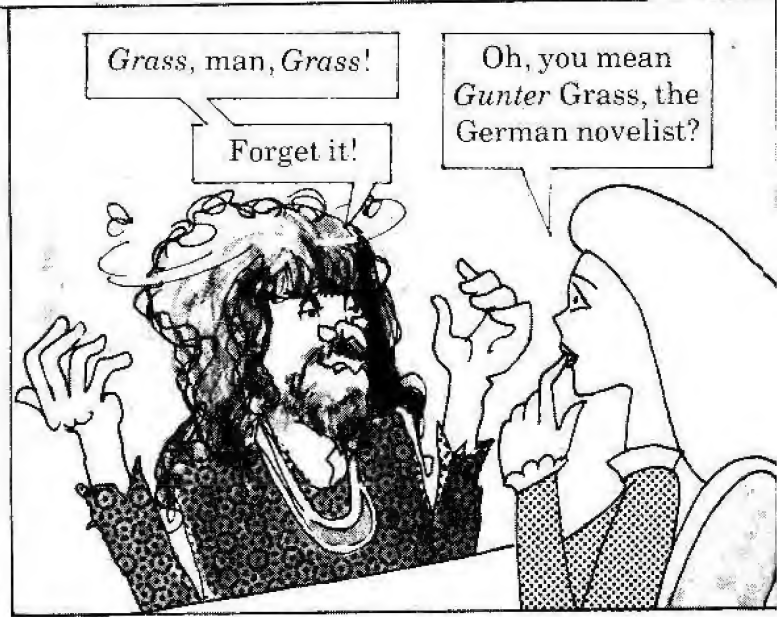
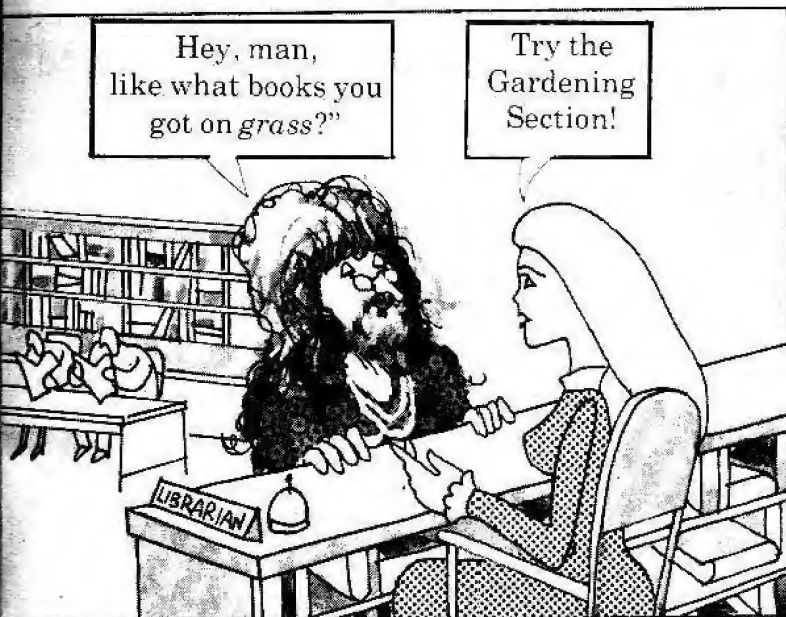
JACQUELINE O'BRIEN
Syracuse, N.Y.

**NOTE: THERE WERE SEVERAL
DUPLICATIONS OF WINNING ENTRIES
BUT THE FIRST ONE WE RECEIVED
EARNED THE PRIZE!**



Time now for a little culture.
Very little, in fact, if it's
anything like we find in this . . .

a sick look



at a LIBRARY

MUHAMMAD ALI HAS FEET OF CLAY

Script by Warren Emery
Art by Bernie Cootner

Do you have "Sex And The Single Woman?"

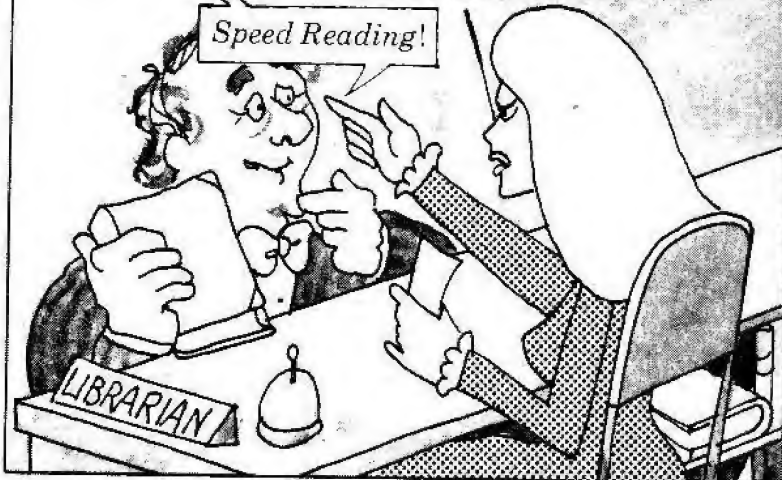
Yes, but what good is it going to do you?



I realize this book is 23 weeks overdue, but may I keep it another month or two?

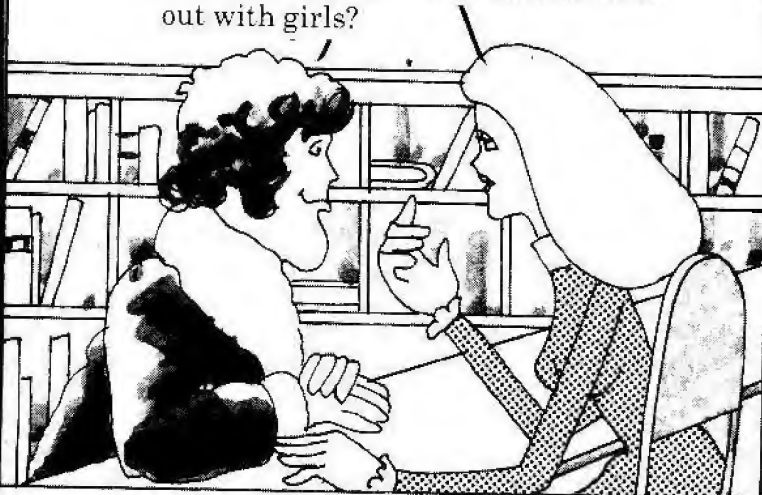
What's the name of the book?

Speed Reading!



Where can I find a book on making out with girls?

Try Betty at the Periodicals Desk.



You mean she'll tell me what books to read?

No, she's looking for a boy to make out with!

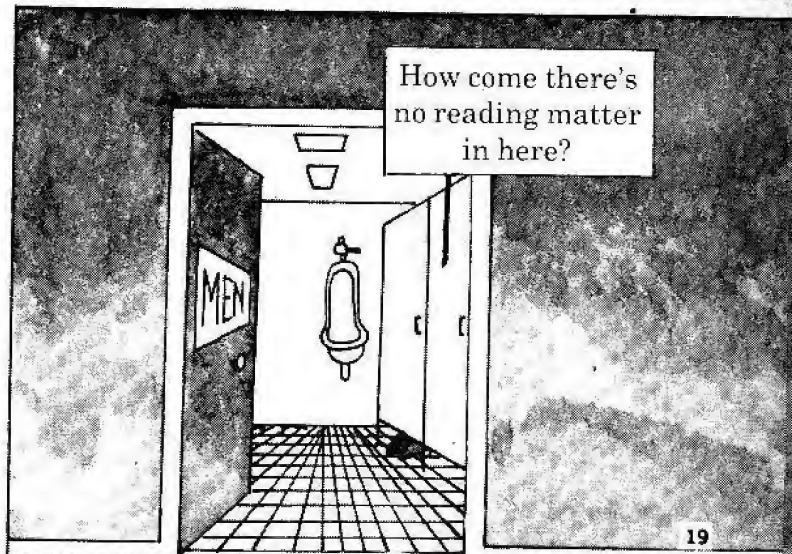


What happened to him?

Six volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica fell on him!



How come there's no reading matter in here?



? WHAT

SICK is cutting a hole in your umbrella so you can see when it stops raining...

SICK is going to the Horse Show in Madison Square Garden and looking for the two-dollar window...

SICK is putting popcorn in the pancake mix so the pancakes can turn over by themselves...

SICK is licking so many green stamps that you wind up with a three-book-a-day habit...

SICK is a Kamikaze pilot returning safely home after 40 missions...

SICK is tying a rope around your neck to keep a cold in your head from dropping to your chest...

SICK is putting 14 spoonfuls of sugar in your coffee and then not stirring it because you don't like it sweet...

SICK is trying to mug somebody on the street with an electric razor...

SICK is cutting your pizza into four pieces because you figure you won't be able to eat eight pieces...

SICK is walking up to Colonel Sanders and trying to lick his fingers...

SICK is winning a gold medal at an athletic event and then having it bronzed...

SICK is buying a pair of pointed shoes so you can step on cockroaches in the corner...

SICK is depositing Swiss money in American banks...

SICK is meeting your wife on a blind date—two years after the wedding...

SICK is carrying moderation to an extreme...

SICK is trying to commit suicide by jumping out a basement window...

THE MAHARISHI IS A SECRET SYMBOL



IS SICK?

by
ARON MAYER
and
EDEN NORAH



Illustration by
JOHN COSTANZA

SICK is getting stuck on an escalator for three hours during a power failure.

SICK is deciding to become an embezzler and absconding with the accounts payable.

SICK is taking up space in school because you want to become an astronaut.

SICK is writing a book on fly paper so readers won't be able to put it down.

SICK is looking through a keyhole and seeing another keyhole.

SICK is hijacking a submarine and asking for a million dollars and a parachute.

SICK is trading in your Corvette for an Edsel.

SICK is opening up a saloon in Harlem and calling it "Whitey's".

SICK is staying up all night to study for your blood test.

SICK is getting thrown out of a mental institution because you depress the patients.

SICK is refusing that last cigarette from the firing squad leader because you heard that smoking is bad for your health.

SICK is throwing away a live grenade you found on your lawn and then having your dog retrieve it.

SICK is trying to commit suicide by slashing your wrists with an electric razor.

SICK is murdering your father and mother and then pleading for mercy on the grounds that you're an orphan.

SICK is being fired from a job as elevator operator because you can't remember the route.

SICK is being kissed on the cheek by a Mafia chieftain and becoming emotionally involved.

HOW TO COPE WITH THE PAPER SHORTAGE

by HOPE LEE
(former pulp writer)

Can you imagine a world without paper? Well, there is one way to beat the paper shortage. The SICK way. The idea is to think everything but paper. . .to enjoy the advantages of a world without paper, or with so little paper that substitutes would have to be used. For example, let's abolish paper spitballs. Use stones instead—they work better anyhow.

Let's put down in our minds what this paperless world would look like. Think about a school with no written tests, no report cards, no notes to parents from indignant teachers or the principal, NO TESTS! There would be no book reports to write, and for that matter, no books to read.

There are other ways to beat the paper shortage. Force candy manufacturers to wrap two bars in each wrapper. Start a campaign to impress people not to wash their hands so much, at least not in johns where paper towels are used.

The publishing industry has to re-orient

readers to buy books and magazines that begin on page 17, let's say, instead of page 1. As the shortage gets more acute, let the publishers get more cute by numbering the first page 27, 37, etc. Eventually, they could advertise 700-page books that would contain no more than 40 pages, and the readers would not feel badly. It's as if they were getting more for their money.

Naturally, in a world where people go around singing "*It's Only a Purple Moon*" (what then, paper!), and look away at a running nose or dirty mouth rather than exhaust the Kleenex supply, the entire idea of currency must also change. Under the SICK plan to beat the paper shortage, paper money would be abolished. Flour would be used instead. Why flour? Well, who'd give a damn about a paper shortage when everyone would go around rolling in dough!

(Plan ended because we ran out of paper-----

8 SURE-FIRE WAYS TO SAVE PAPER

- Cease publication of SICK immediately
- Walk around with a dirty face and running nose
- Give mental asylum inmates cloth dolls to cut
- Encourage use of writing on rocks
- Do away with bad news telegrams
- Abolish thank you notes
- Ban paper money—walk around with own wheelbarrow of coins
- Outlaw bills



"IT'S ONLY A PURPLE MOON"

THE FIRST
700
PAGE
NOVEL
WITH ONLY
20 PAGES

DUE TO
PAPER
SHORTAGE - THERE WILL
BE NO READING, NO
TESTS NO
REPORT CARDS
FOR THE
REST OF
THE YEAR

3-6-74
DEAR BILL,
I DECIDED
TO CHISEL
YOU A
LETTER

HOORAY

GRANDENETT

ATTENTION, KIDS: DON'T TAKE YOUR MOTHER'S WORD
THAT YOU'RE GOOD-LOOKING...

SONGS Of The Energy Crisis



lyrics by WARREN EMERY

illustrations by BERNIE COOTNER

I CAN'T AFFORD TO KEEP US WARM (*"I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm"*)



Our car is stalling,
The mercury's falling,
How can we weather the storm?
Now that gas heat's a too-costly treat,
I can't afford to keep us warm.

A cold November, snowy December
Might be, in winter, the norm,
But, if you please, we'd rather not freeze,
Oh, how I wish we could keep warm.

The thermostat is low;
Our spirits, too.
Under blankets let's go
Before we turn blue!
We'll try to make do
Inside our igloo,
Watching flu viruses form,
But let's not mope, we've got one last hope:
Shivering's sure to keep us warm!

OH, SUNOCO, HERE I COME!

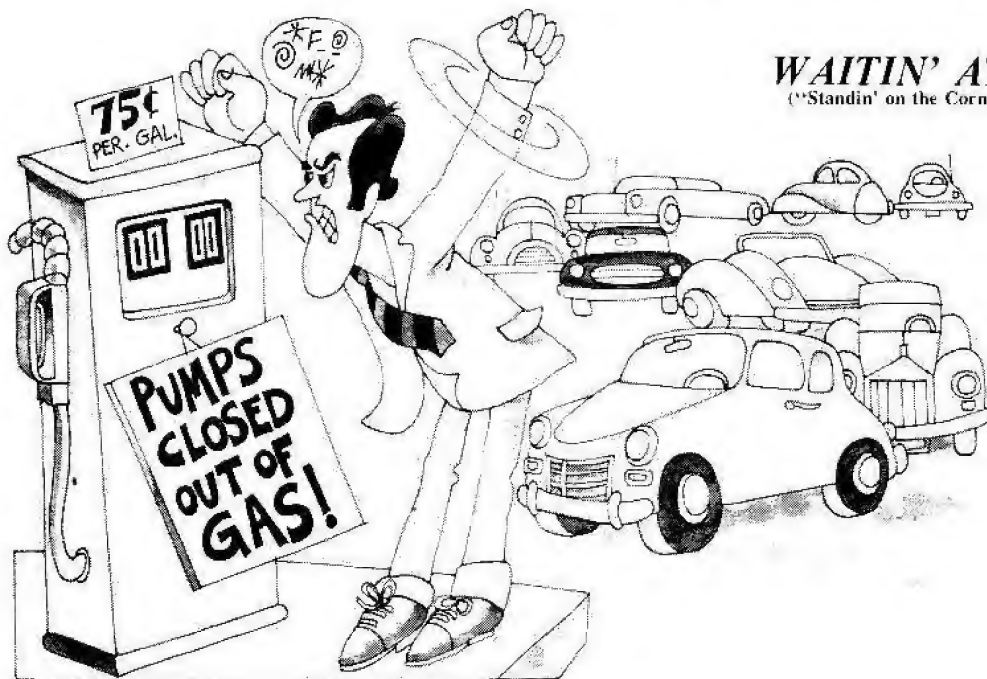
("California, Here I Come!")

Oh, Sunoco, here I come
Back where my search started from,
Drove to Tex-a-co,
Then to Am-o-co,
They both said no;
And I got no fill
At the next Mobil,
Gulf said "Go!", Exxon barked "Blow!"
So, dear Sunoco,
Sell to me
And I've got a treat for thee:
For each gallon of your gas
I will give you one free glass!



WAITIN' AT THE STATION

("Standin' on the Corner, Watchin' All The Girls Go By")



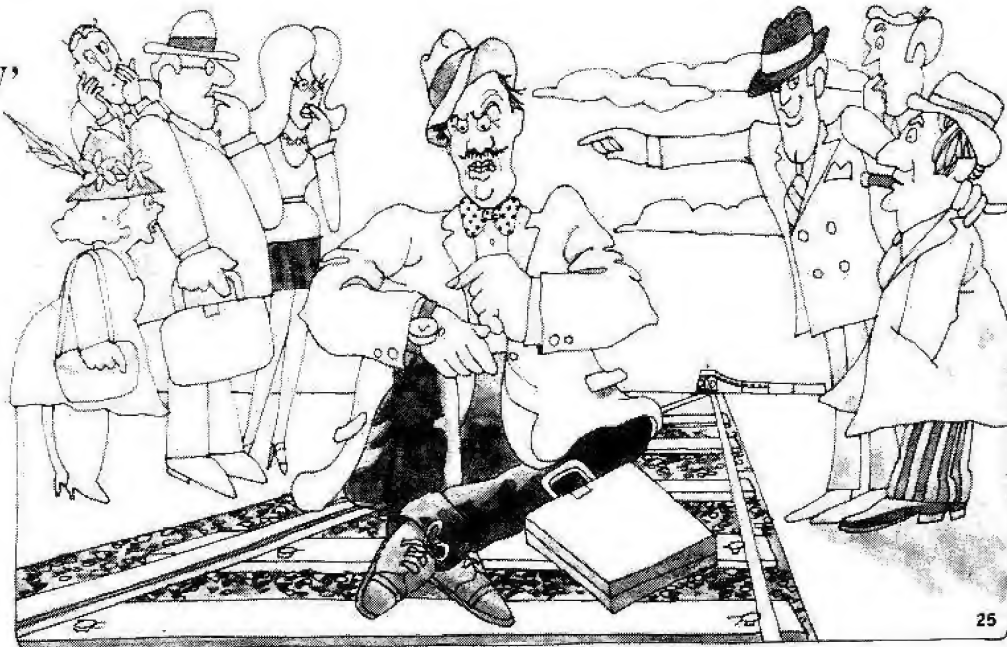
Waitin' at the station,
Watchin' all the cars fill up.
Feelin' no elation,
Fact is, I'm mad as a pup.
You see, I've been here
For over three long hours,
Just like a fool,
Wastin' my fuel.
Now, after all my time here,
Watchin' minutes pass,
Waitin for some gas,
They just said (I'll cry)
All the pumps went dry!

THERE'S A SUCKER SHORN EVERY MINUTE!

I'VE BEEN TRAVELIN' BY RAILROAD

("I've Been Workin' On The Railroad")

I've been travelin' by railroad
Every working day,
'Cause I can't buy gas for my car
No matter what I pay.
Now that I'm a train commuter
I rise up much earlier each day
To allow for the train's daily
Two-hour-plus delay!



SICK VISITS



MIAMI BEACH

VACATION SPOT OF THE WORLD



ALL THE NEWS
THAT FITS,
WE PRINT

Sick Sick

ENGLISH SPOKING HERE

IN-SICK-NIFICANT

A recent poll shows that only 26% of the American people believe in President Nixon. What's weird is, the same poll shows that 68% believe in flying saucers!



sure-fire way to prevent people from smoking. (Wet matches!)

Colorado. A doctor who was thrown out of the medical profession for incompetency has proved to be an equal failure as a bank robber. (Wrote all his stick-up notes in Latin!)

Texas. A well-to-do collector of classic cars bought Adolf Hitler's Mercedes Benz for a record price of \$176,000. (Actually it was a good deal—it came with a full gas tank!)

Tahiti. Doctors in this tropical area have come up with a new rare disease. (It's so rare—they haven't even held a Telethon for it!)

Big Sur. A recent study has revealed that there has been a huge increase in nudist weddings. (At least you never have to ask who the "best man" is!)

Johns Hopkins. Statistics here show that there is an added problem when the heart of a younger man is transplanted into that of an older guy. (Most likely, the heart keeps making dates that the body can't keep!)

Hollywood. Movies are becoming wilder than ever in those little hidden-away theatres. One had a sign that said: "For Mature Perverts Only."

HISTORY
IS A
THING OF
THE PAST

Oklahoma. They say that despite his many billions of dollars, J. Paul Getty is reputed to be extremely close with every penny. (We hear that he's waiting for the Encyclopedia Britannica to come out in paperback!)

THERE
IS NO
SUCH
WORD AS
IMPOSIBLE

Iowa. A Senior Citizens' home here boasts of a 96-year-old man and an 87-year-old woman who are planning to get married. However, the prospective groom has forgotten what the proper engagement gift should be. (Promise her anything—but give her "Geritol!")

Poland. A group of scientists claim that they've come up with a



ATTENTION WORLD: Wanna get this country moving again?

World



WEATHER:
MORE HOT AIR
COMING IN
FROM WASHINGTON

NEWS OF THE MONTH

By FRED WOLFE

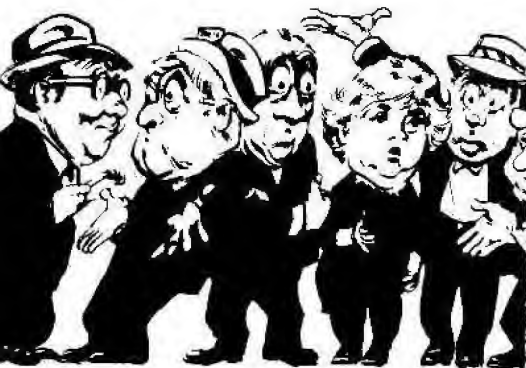
Delaware. a recent survey revealed that there are approximately four or five million alcoholics in the United States. (Those of course, are staggering figures!)

Los Angeles. One harried girl-motorist is reported to have offered her body to a service station man, if he would give her \$2 worth of gas. (That's really fueling around!)

ATTENTION WORLD: STRETCHER BEARERS ARE CARRIERS!

New York. Due to France's anti-American stand, many people are boycotting all French products. (Psst! Wanna buy some Eskimo postcards?)

Tennessee. Hillbilly star Mervin Klunk attended an American Legion convention, where he was asked to repeat George Washington's Farewell Address. (The dope didn't even know the zip-code!)



Import the water from Mexico!

Defy the law . . .
tear the tags off your pillows

Capital Capers

(The latest dispatches from Washington)

● In order to set an example for the rest of the country during the current energy crisis, President Nixon took a flight on a regularly scheduled commercial plane. (Can you hear the stewardess: "Coffee, tea or tapes?")

● The argument over all-year daylight saving time is finally coming to a boil. (Yup. It boils down to a choice between being mugged on the way to work or on the way home.)

● Consumer advocate Ralph Nader, attacking the current rate of inflation, recalled when \$20 worth of groceries used to stuff the trunk of your car. (Now it fits in the glove compartment!)

RAISE

THE WAGES

OF SIN!

Hong Kong. Karate expert Lum Fong recently broke a stack of 18 solid pine boards. (Which is great—if you're ever attacked by a piece of wood!)

Greenwich Village. Acting on several complaints, police raided an art school here and arrested the professor. (He didn't paint the nude models—he traced them!)

TARZAN SWINGS WITH CHEETAH





A SICK LOOK AT **STREAKING**

Art by Joe McNeill

THE NUDE CAMPUS CRAZE

by
ARON MAYER

First, the college kids swallowed live goldfish. Then they packed as many classmates as inhumanely possible into a phone booth, or wrestled nude and greased in mud pits. More recently, they went on panty raids. Today, the number-one college fad in America is "streaking"—running through a public place in the nude.

"Oh for the good old days," say many observers, "when they were just rioting in the classrooms and bombing campus buildings!"

Some students, baffled by the furor, claim that streaking is nothing new; they've been doing it for years—the girls from parked cars in lovers' lanes, and the guys when escaping from unexpected parents. But today streaking has become organized, to such an extent that they now have a Rent-A-Streaker Service for suburbanites who want to add a little zest to their lawn parties.

Reports of "streaking" have come from academia nuts across the U.S.A. At USC in Los Angeles, 86 students ran stark naked from the Administration Building to the Library—which is remarkable considering the fact that none had an overdue book. On the University of Chicago campus, a group of coed cutups streaked across Michigan Boulevard in the nude and ironically, streaked against the light and were arrested for jaywalking.

At New York University, both male and female streakers ran naked through Greenwich Village—only there, nobody even noticed. The situation has become so acute that New York City is thinking of changing its corner traffic signs to "Streak" and "Don't Streak!"

Actually, streaking isn't confined to the campus. Hard-hats are running naked through their construc-

tion sites, dressed only in white collars, and with Wallace buttons in their navels. Longshoremen in their birthday suits are streaking along the docks—a sight for shore eyes! There was even a news item of a streaker in reverse, who ran fully clothed through a nudist camp. And it's been unreliably reported that President Nixon plans to streak—in a last-ditch effort to make everything perfectly clear!

What's more, news about streakers has come from the farthest corners of the globe—from Paris, London, Moscow and Tokyo. About the only place with no reports of streaking is, understandably, Chile.

The standard streaker uniform consists of sneakers and ski mask, although several streakers have been known to "chicken out" at the last minute and wear these items on areas of the body less frequently exposed.

If this phenomenon continues, we may soon see advertising executives streaking along Madison Avenue with only their horned-rim glasses and attaché cases; brokers streaking down Wall Street in their homburgs and Gucci shoes, and even doctors streaking to house calls in the altogether. Who knows? We may even see ladies-of-the-evening streaking along the streets. Think of all the advantages of being ready for work at a scant moment's notice!

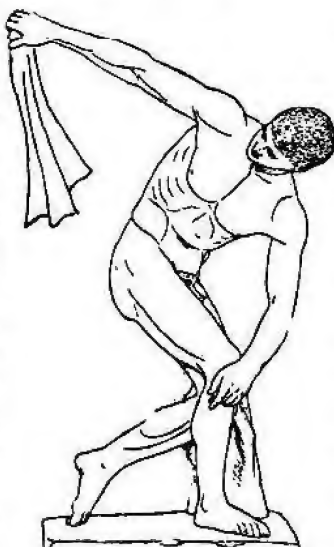
Streaking seems to be the shape of things to come. And from some of the shapes we've seen, this is definitely a loser's streak. When will it all end? Will people rise in outrage after seeing too much of these streakers?

Meanwhile, all they can do is grin and let the streakers bare it!

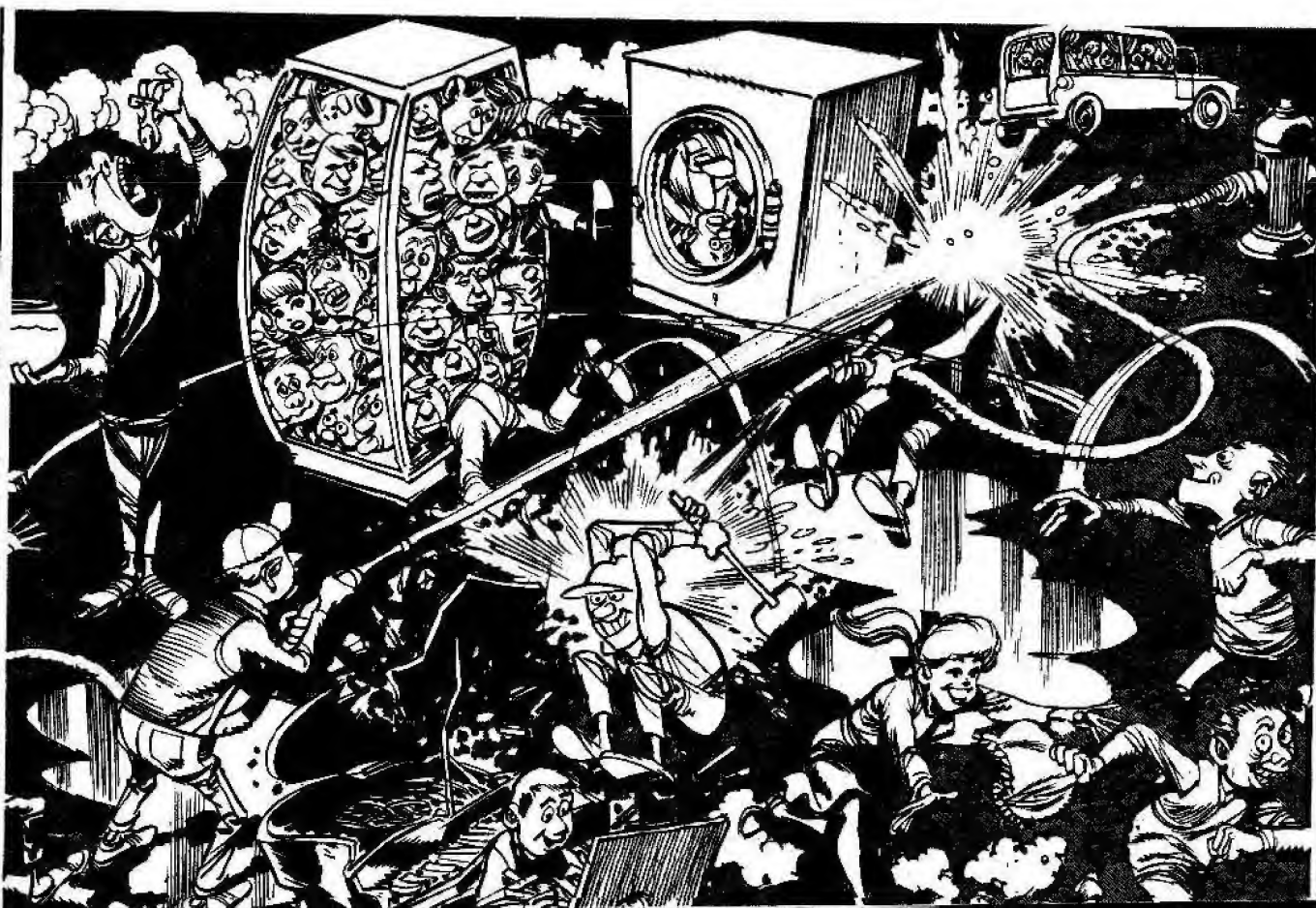
(continued on next page)

- Nowadays, with students streaking everywhere, there's no question as to who is the big man on campus!
- One fellow streaked through the state legislature in Hawaii, shouting, "I'm the Streaker of the House!"
- Japanese students are still shy about the whole thing. What do we call them—yellow streaks?
- Washington is saying that, no matter who runs in '76, he will never top this fad in popularity. In fact, streaking may be the way candidates run in the future!
- Know the real reason students are streaking? They want government officials to reveal all!
- One student didn't mean to streak through campus. What happened was, he accidentally sat on a hot radiator in the shower room!
- Another student decided to streak four miles through the city limits, but got halfway there and chickened out; so he turned around and ran back home!
- On California campuses lately, girl streakers are now showing the boys a thing or two!

THE NEW RACY HUMOR



- One fellow won a bet that he wouldn't streak and continued after he was paid off, exclaiming: "I never quit in the middle of a winning streak!"
- Hear about the Polish streaker who ran fully clothed, except for sneakers and ski mask?
- No matter how you look at it, most streakers put up a good front!
- Hearing that streakers are a dime a dozen, one weirdo held up 20 cents and shouted, "Here, somebody get me two dozen!"
- THE HEIGHT OF COLLEGE PRANKS: After a panty raid, while swallowing live goldfish, streaking in a crowded telephone booth!
- One shapely coed streaker was picked up by the police who charged her with "decent exposure!"
- A large group of streakers in Detroit reportedly formed a circle, trying to make ends meet!
- One guy in Ohio ran into a bar and said, "Do you serve streakers here?" The bartender replied in the affirmative and the guy yelled, "Great, I'll take two of them!"



TV SCENES WE WANNA WATCH

Script by **BOB HEIT**

Art by **BILL BURKE**

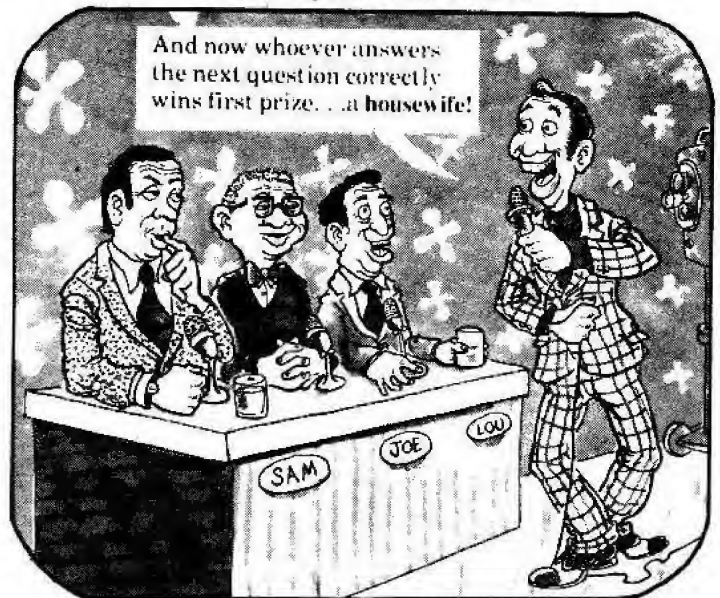
THE COMEDY SHOW



THE LATE SHOW



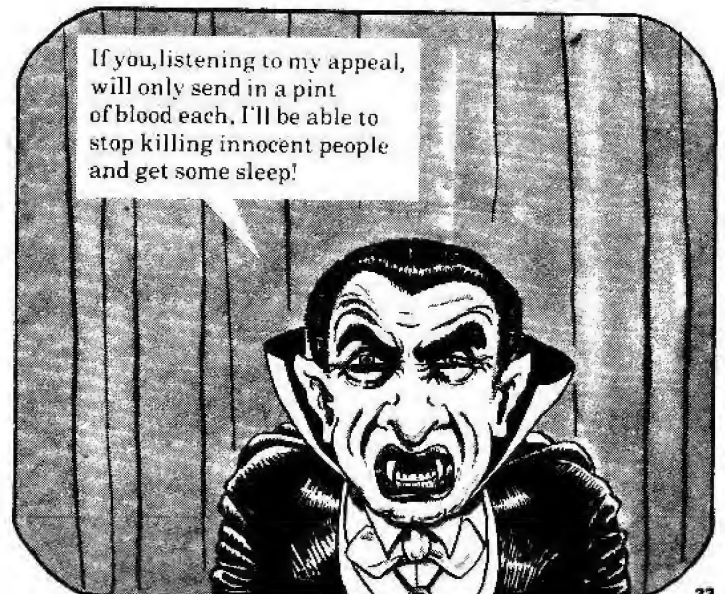
THE QUIZ SHOW



THE ADVENTURE SHOW



THE TELETHON SHOW



Here's a little game we've come up with. Let's see if you can play along with us. We call it . . .

FIRST THE ANSWERS...

EAVESDROPPING.

What did Adam say as his wife was falling over the cliff?

ROCK 'N' ROLL.

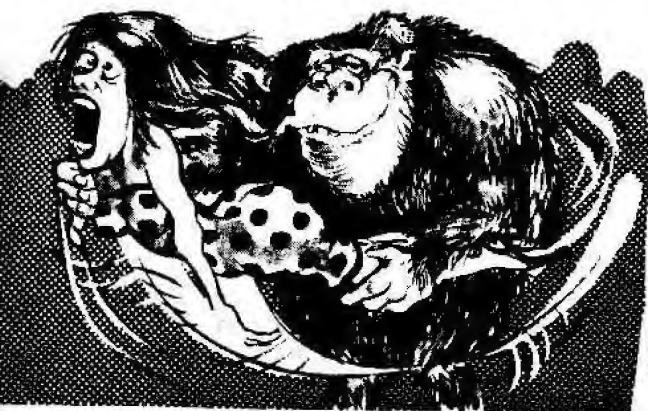
What will your grandmother do if you put wheels on her rocking chair?

COINCIDE.

What should you do when it gets dark out?

AFFORD.

What do many Americans drive?



PANHANDLER.

What is the worst job in a hospital?

MUMMY.

What does a careless Egyptian girl become?

ILLEGAL.

What is our national emblem when he eats too much?

ADVERSE.

What do you tell a poet to do when you want him to lengthen his poem?



DAMNATION.

How does Russia refer to America?

DENIAL.

What is the name of a famous river in Egypt?

ANTACID.

What causes indigestion and stomach aches in ants?

DEVINE.

What did Tarzan miss when he let out his famous yell?

FOUR.

If you had four gallons of gas in your car, and I asked to borrow two, how many gallons would you have left?

SHREDDED TWEET.

What would you end up with if your pet canary got caught in the lawn mower?

ACCENT.

What kind of a smell comes from an ac?

LUBBER.

What are tires made of in China?

MISLETOE.

Since an athlete gets athlete's foot, what would an astronaut get?

ARCADE.

What fruit drink did Noah give to his animals?

A PINK CARNATION.

What would you call the United States if everyone owned pink cars?

BLOOM.

How does a Chinese bomb sound when it explodes?

ADORE.

What must you open to get inside your house?

BLEACHERS.

What do you call the peroxide blondes?

HATCHET.

What will a mother hen do with an egg?

WEDDING.

What ding cuts off a bachelor's circulation?

THEN THE QUESTIONS

created by Marilyn Ippolito

ANTIFREEZE.

What will happen to Uncle Joe's wife if he takes her blanket?

RISE and SHINE.

What would you do if you ate yeast and polish?

BURPLE.

What color are hiccups?

HUMPHREY.

What is a camel with no humps called?

THE LONE RANGER.

If queens sit on platinum, and kings sit on gold, who sits on silver?

CARTOON.

What kind of a song should you sing when you're in a car?

RAISIN BREAD.

What do you call money belonging to a worried grape?

ACKNOWLEDGE.

What do you have when you know everything about ac?



SHIPWRECK.

What does your dreamboat turn into after you marry him?

FOOTBALL.

Where do feet go when they get all dressed up to take their dates dancing?

DEFILE.

What does-de crook uses to cut through de bars in de cell?

HEARSE.

What kind of car never has any complaints from backseat drivers?

FLYPAPER.

What is the best kind of material to use when making a kite?

CALCULATE.

What did the teacher say to Calc when he was tardy?

TYRANT.

What did the hold-up man tell his partner to do to Rant while they robbed him?

HOME ON THE RANGE.

What is the theme song of pots and pans?

LOS ANGELES DODGERS.

What do you call pedestrians in Los Angeles?

YOU'RE OFF YOUR ROCKER.

What did Whistler say to his mother when she stood up?

NOBODY.

What is a one-word description of Twiggy?

PRETZELS.

When you use crooked dough, what do you end up with?

POLICE CAR.

What is blue and white and has fuzz?

TURNED-OFF.

What is a television set in a honeymoon suite?

CLOCKWORK.

What does a watchmaker say when he finishes a job?

MORE

KOOKY

KLASSIFIEDS

LITERARY SERVICES OFFERED: Send your MRS. to us for candid criticism and advice; discretion assured. BOX 38B

MAN WITH WOODEN LEG wishes to meet woman with wooden leg. Object: out-of-this-world mambo! BOX 46P

SITUATION WANTED: Ex-Air Force tail gunner desires civilian counterpart of AF job; can operate .50 calibre machine guns and 20-mm cannons; wonderful opportunity for small airlines to eliminate their competition. BOX 63K

Your choice: Piper three-passenger plane or 1949 model full-blooded Italian wife, very hot-tempered, \$8,000,000. Can't keep both. BOX 97T

LONELY: Male Basset would like to meet Female Basset. Object: Bassinet. BOX 82U

INCREDIBLE BARGAIN: World's largest collection of Polish Jokes, inadvertently printed in Swahili, available at a real bargain. BOX 52A

FOR SALE: 1974 Harley-Davidson motorcycle, used only once. Contact Charles Foster, Good Samaritan Hospital or write BOX 56G

Do-It-Yourself Kit. Convert U.S. Army surplus tanks into swimming pools for midgets, and for lawn planters. Kit includes plans, screwdriver, two midgets and 80-ton Sherman tank, Shipped FOB Sinai. BOX 92D

RESIDENT POET AVAILABLE: Be the first in your neighborhood to have your own live-in poet who will supply rhymes and couplets in exchange for room and board. "Nothing like a little poem to make sure your children don't roam from home." BOX 65E

FOR SALE: New doghouse, \$25.00. Suitable for large dog or small husband. BOX 54G

SPECIAL NOTICE: I did not leave my husband John Ferguson's bed and board. It was my bed, given to me by my uncle, and I was kicked out; as for my bills, my husband was never responsible. Mrs. Agatha Ferguson. BOX 92M

NOTICE TO ALL MEMBERS: The annual meeting of the Clairvoyant Society of America, scheduled for March 1, has been postponed due to unforeseen circumstances. BOX 82K

FOR SALE: Universal Health Club—5 year membership for sale at half-price, owing to illness. BOX 56G

WANTED TO TRADE: 2 large copper boilers, 75 ft. copper tubing, 120 1-gallon jugs, 50 lbs. sugar and 37 bushels corn. Will trade for bail money for my husband who is in jail, falsely accused of making moonshine whiskey. BOX 87V

HELP WANTED: Senior physicist for analytical work primarily on instrumentation for electromagnetic propulsion in theorematmic microwave system. High school education helpful. BOX 43V

Readers are invited to send advertisements to Kooky Klassifieds, Sick Magazine, 919 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. No charge for readers. Illiterate SICK fans may send in pictures.

Here we go once again with another wacky invention by RUBE GOLDBERG, America's inventive comic genius. In previous issues *SICK* has featured THE SIMPLIFIED FLY SWATTER and THE PAINLESS TOOTH EXTRACTOR.

This issue we give you...

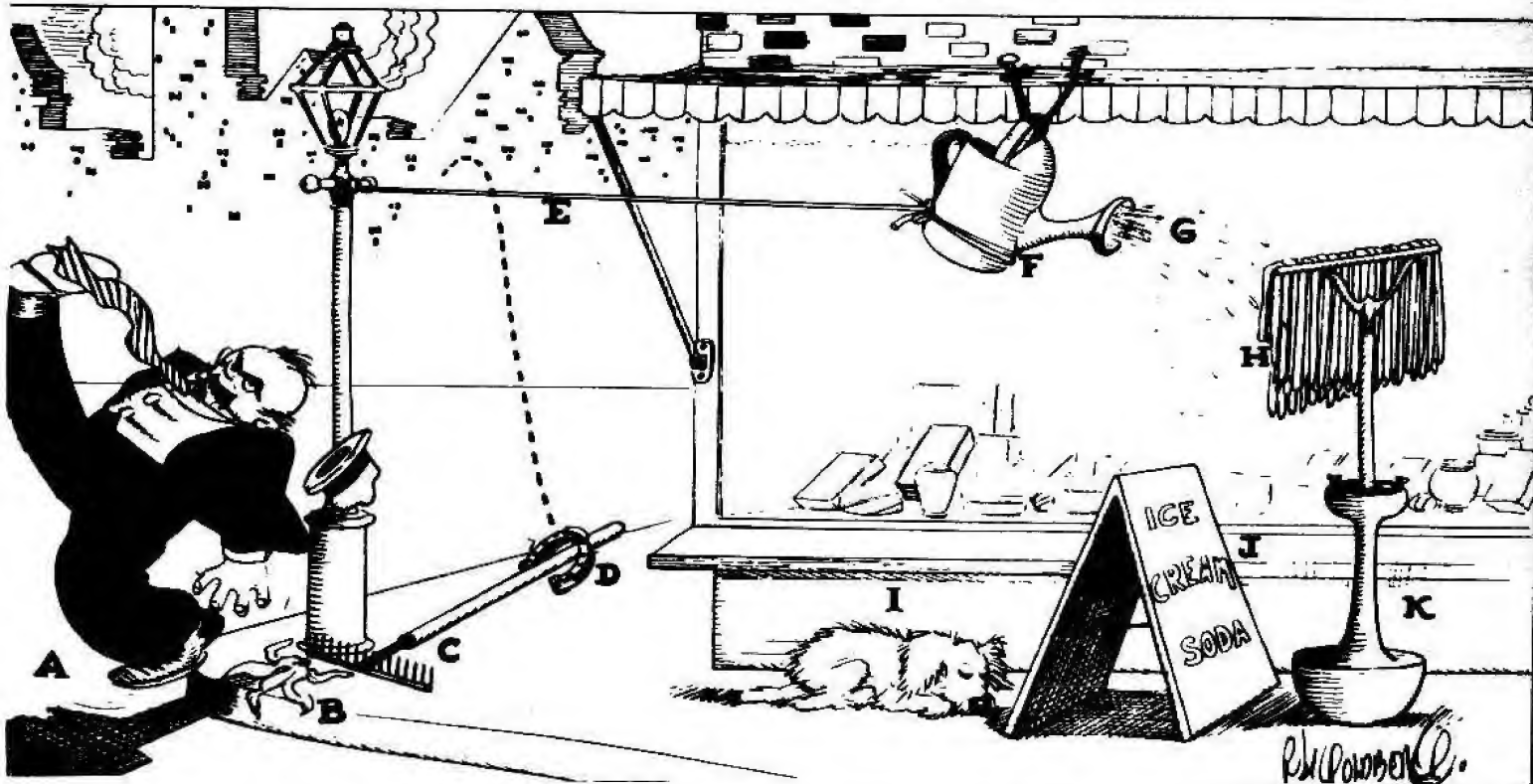
THE STOREFRONT WINDOW CLEANER

AN INVENTION BY
RUBE GOLDBERG

"The World's Zaniest Comic Artist"

PROFESSOR BUTTS STANDS IN FRONT OF AN X-RAY AND SEES AN IDEA INSIDE HIS HEAD SHOWING HOW TO KEEP SHOP WINDOWS CLEAN. PASSING MAN (A) SLIPS ON BANANA PEEL (B) CAUSING HIM TO FALL ON RAKE (C) AS HANDLE OF RAKE RISES IT THROWS HORSESHOE (D) ONTO ROPE (E) WHICH SAGS, THEREBY TILTING SPRINKLING CAN (F). WATER (G) SATURATES MOP (H). PICKLE TERRIER (I) THINKS IT IS RAINING, GETS UP TO RUN INTO HOUSE AND UPSETS SIGN (J) THROWING IT AGAINST NON-TIPPING CIGAR ASH RECEIVER (K) WHICH CAUSES IT TO SWING BACK AND FORTH AND SWISH WIPING IT CLEAN. IF MAN BREAKS HIS NECK BY FALL MOVE AWAY BEFORE COP ARRIVES.

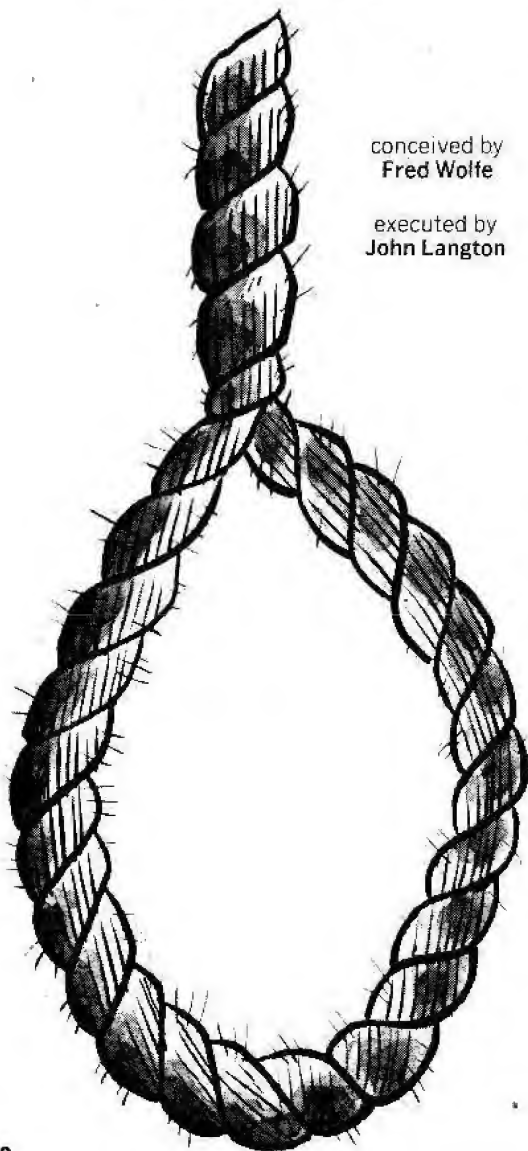
© Rube Goldberg, King Features Syndicate



WATCH FOR ANOTHER HILARIOUS INVENTION IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF *SICK*!

Since the Supreme Court recently upheld its ruling against Capital Punishment, the only cruel and unusual sentences have been meted out to the manufacturers of all these dooms-day devices, who are now forced to peddle their wares abroad in . . .

The Sick Capital Punishment Catalog

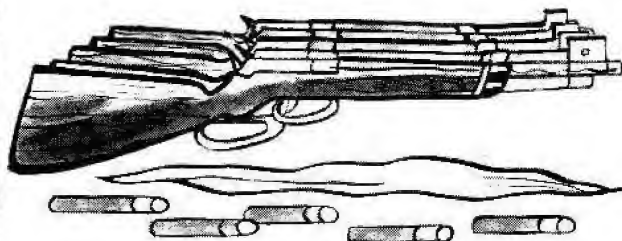
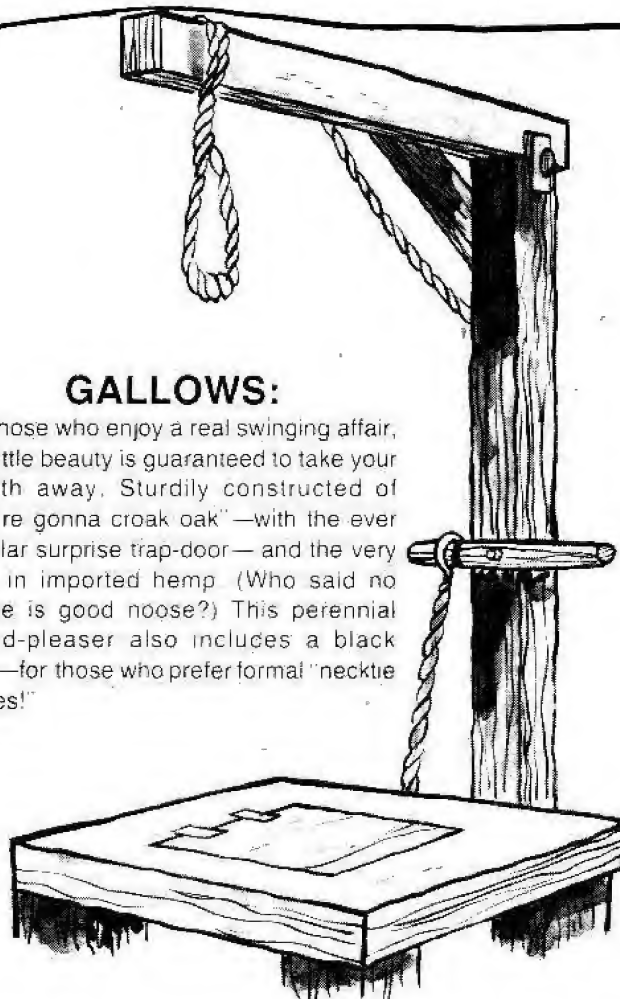


conceived by
Fred Wolfe

executed by
John Langton

GALLOWS:

For those who enjoy a real swinging affair, this little beauty is guaranteed to take your breath away. Sturdily constructed of "you're gonna croak oak"—with the ever popular surprise trap-door—and the very best in imported hemp (Who said no noose is good noose?) This perennial crowd-pleaser also includes a black rope—for those who prefer formal "necktie parties!"



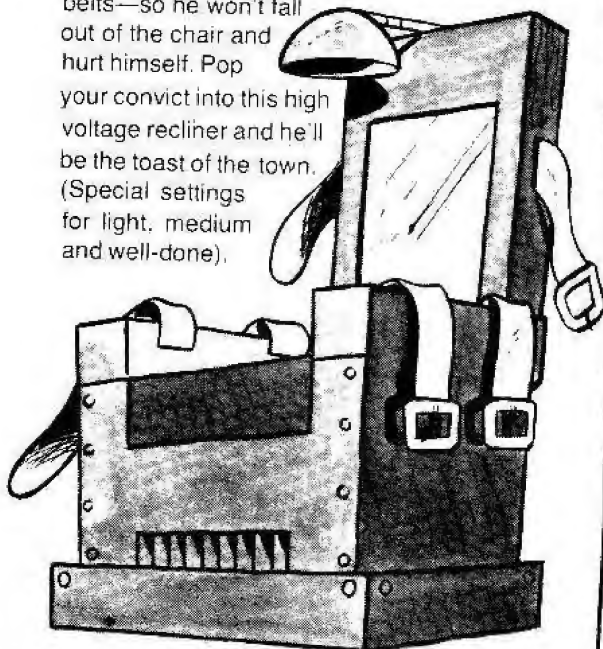
FIRING SQUAD:

For those who like to shoot the works! You're really on target with this doozie of a set that comes complete with five Winchester rifles—five "Winchester" little cigars for the prisoner to smoke—and a set of blindfolds for the condemned—or for firing squads who can't stand the sight of blood! For our pygmy buyers, we supply bee-bee guns. Oh, yes. For those poverty-stricken underdeveloped nations who can't afford our basic set, do inquire about our high-powered slingshots.

ELECTRIC CHAIR:

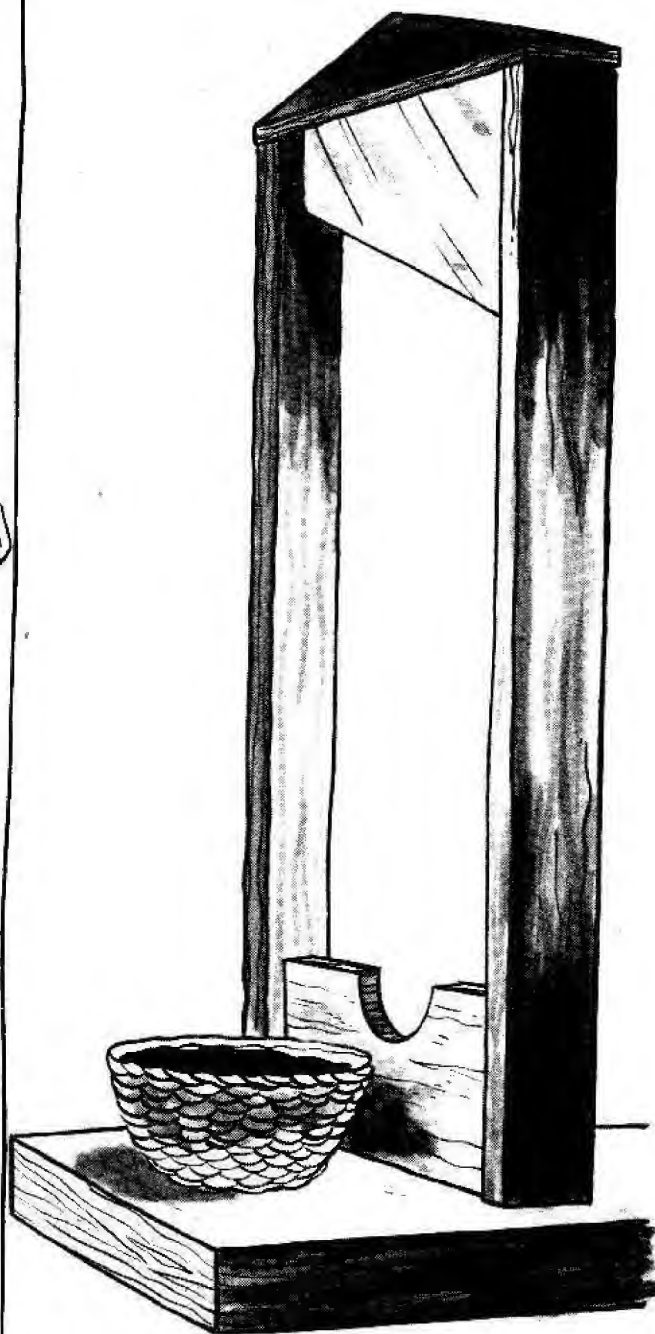
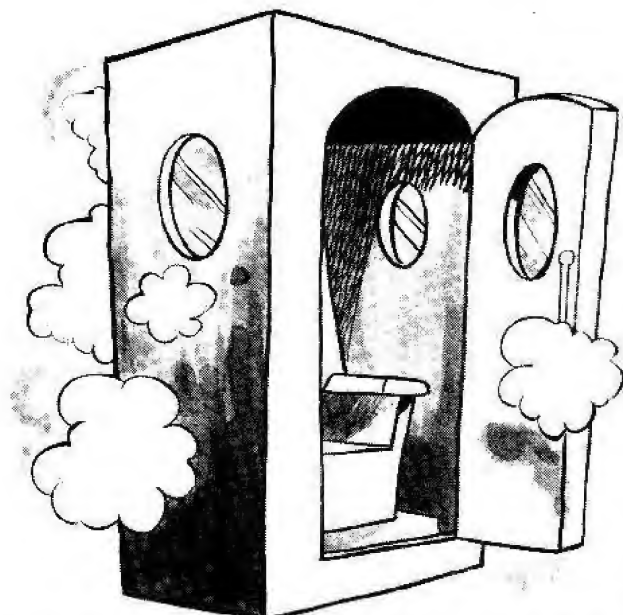
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night, when you light up the skies with this little winner—a death row go-go mobile that never fails to provide a real large charge—especially for the “guest of honor.” Works on both AC and DC or simple transistors (batteries not included). Also equipped with the latest in seat belts—so he won't fall out of the chair and hurt himself. Pop

your convict into this high voltage recliner and he'll be the toast of the town. (Special settings for light, medium and well-done).



GAS CHAMBER:

For all you hip nations—like man, this is a *real* gas! Just one drag in this air-tight pad, and you'll be out of this world in no time at all. So forget all that pot and what not—with this *real gone* glue-sniffing kit, you'll find it's the *absolute end*! In fact, the “in” crowd calls it the *goodby high*. See our dealer for a free-trial—it'll take your breath away!



GUILLOTINE

Yes, friends. Here's the original French top-less number that Queen Marie Antoinette lost her head over—the Robespierre Special—with the patented diagonal blade—that not only gives you a *close* shave, but never leaves unsightly stubble. Look at it this way: With our Robespierre guillotine, we take the problem off your shoulders—not to mention your head! So to our prospective buyers in Great Britain—the next time you say: “Cheerio, old top!”—you won't be kidding!

DON'T TOLERATE BIGOTS!

Dear Crabbie:

Consultant:
Fred Wolfe

DEAR CRABBIE: I met a very handsome but penniless young fellow who has taken a great interest in my recent inheritance. He has even volunteered to take my money and double it for me. But first of all, he would like to see either my bank account or my stock portfolio. What should I show him?

—UGLY DUCKLING
DEAR UGLY DUCKLING: The door!

• • • •
DEAR CRABBIE: I am engaged to Juan Perez, a wonderful boy. We were going to go steady next month, but now I've fallen madly in love with his cousin, Juan Del Gado. What am I to do?

—SAD SENORITA
DEAR SENORITA: I'm afraid you've got Juan too many!

• • • •
DEAR CRABBIE: I know my mother means well, but she babies me too much. For example, the other day she came to school and, right in front of the whole class, she made me eat my oatmeal. Then she bent over and tied my shoelaces for me. Can you imagine how embarrassing that is?

—MAMA'S BOY
DEAR MAMA'S BOY: Yes—especially when you're the Principal!

DEAR CRABBIE: I am an executive secretary who does practically everything for her boss. I type, take dictation, and sit in on board meetings. Despite all this, I have been reprimanded just because I file my nails every morning.

—MIFFED
DEAR MIFFED: I don't see anything wrong—as long as you file them under "N."

• • • •
DEAR CRABBIE: I'm as romantic as the next woman, but ever since I got married, I'm covered with hickies, hickies—all the time hickies.

—ICCH!
DEAR ICCH: What did you expect, Mrs. Dracula?

• • • •
DEAR CRABBIE: My girl has a laugh like a gurgling waterfall, eyes like two pools and skin as soft as a summer rain. What is your opinion?

—POETIC
DEAR POETIC: To me, she sounds like a drip!

• • • •
DEAR CRABBIE: Perhaps I am too sensitive, but the girl I'm going with has just had some extensive dental work. And I'm kind of squeamish about kissing someone with a *bridge* on her teeth.

—MIXED EMOTIONS

DEAR MIXED EMOTIONS: Why should you complain—as long as you don't have to pay a toll!

• • • •
DEAR CRABBIE: I think my girlfriend is gorgeous, but all my buddies say she is a real dog. Would you look at the enclosed photo of Tessie and tell me what I should buy her for Christmas?

—LOVESTRUCK
DEAR LOVESTRUCK: A can of Alpo!

• • • •
DEAR CRABBIE: My girlfriend keeps breaking dates, standing me up and generally treats me rotten. Yet, she now wants me to buy her a pet like a dog or a cat or even a canary. What do you have to say?

—UNSURE
DEAR UNSURE: Sure, give her the air-edale!

• • • •
DEAR CRABBIE: I am usually a very conservative type of girl. However, all the girls in my class are wearing these new extra-high shoes that are all the rage nowadays. How about a platform for me?

—ON THE BRINK
DEAR ON THE BRINK: Why not: "There's no business like shoe business!"

JOHNNY CARSON

Undoubtably the most looked-at entertainer in the history of show business, Johnny Carson is said to have replaced sleeping as the nation's number one late-night pastime. He comes into more bedrooms each night than Don Juan and Casanova did in their prime times.

A Nebraska boy who made good in the big city, Johnny started out as a magician-ventriloquist called "The Great Carsoni." He soon found that he had an extremely fast wit, and converted to a standup monologist, finding full fruition on the Ed Sullivan Show some years later.

During TV's early days, Johnny polished his craft with guest appearances on all the variety shows, and had his own comedy show for a short period. When daytime TV quiz shows hit it big, he became the emcee of *Who Do You Trust?*, where he exhibited his gift for quick repartee. And when Jack Paar left *The Tonight Show*, it was obvious to all in the trade that Johnny Carson was the ideal choice to succeed him. The rest is history.

Each night, millions of people tune in Johnny Carson to hear him say: (of the audience:) "I know you love me tonight, but will you respect me in the morning?"; (of Ed MacMahon:) "I didn't know he was always drunk, until one day he showed up sober"; (of Doc Severinson:) "He's the only man who was ever arrested for indecent exposure while fully clothed"; (of Tommy Newsome:) "He's so dull, his wife collected life insurance on him three times."

SICK, in official recognition of his wry-by-night humor, acclaims Johnny Carson this month's Comedian Of The Month...



A WOMAN'S WORD IS NEVER DONE!

EXCERPTS FROM ONE OF JOHNNY'S RARE HUMOR BOOKS: *MISERY IS A BLIND DATE*

- **MISERY** is explaining the birds and bees to your young son and then overhearing him tell the little girl next door, "Guess what. You're going to have a bee."
- **MISERY** is cooking an exotic French dish for five hours and then having your husband put catsup on it.
- **MISERY** is having your handsome boss ask you to work late at the office. . . then finding out he wants you to work late at the office.
- **MISERY** is finding out your daughter's boyfriend just bought an amplifier for his guitar.
- **MISERY** is climbing your daughter's jungle gym and having to call the fire department to help you down.

WHAT WE SAY AND

WHAT WE SAY

WHAT REALLY IS

WHAT WE SAY

Father
is in
fertilizer . . .



Mother
was left a
bundle . . .



I pitched
for the
minors . . .



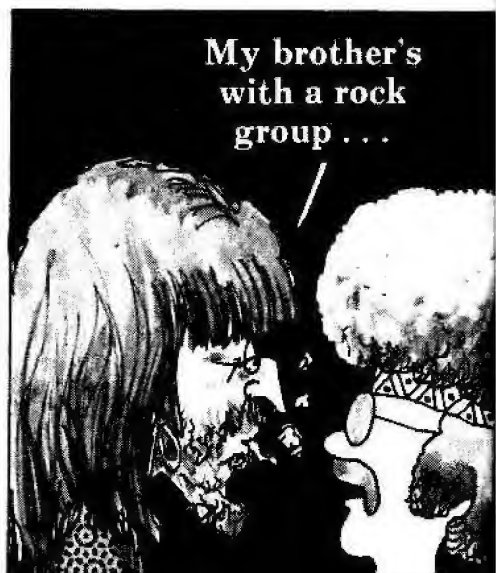
I made a
killing in
the market . . .



We came
over on the
Mayflower . . .



My brother's
with a rock
group . . .



WHAT REALLY IS

Script by
FRED WOLFE

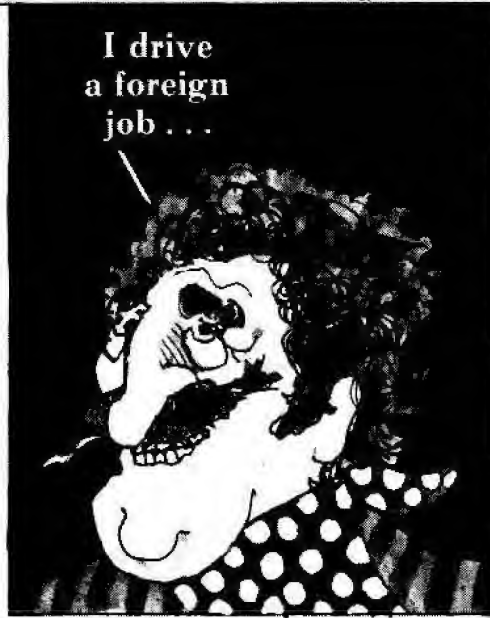
Art by
BERNIE COOTNER

WHAT REALLY IS



WHAT WE SAY

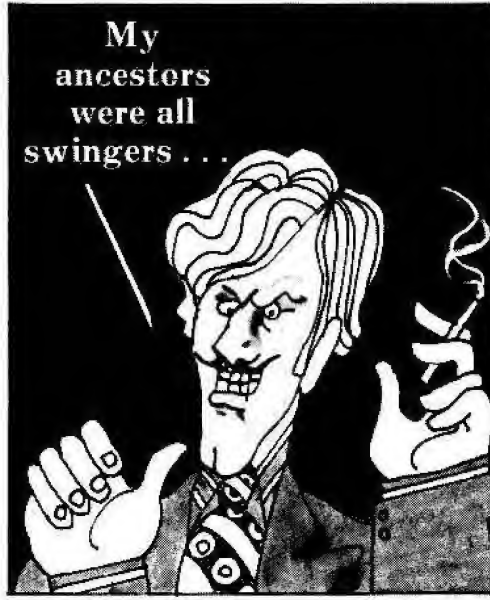
I drive
a foreign
job . . .



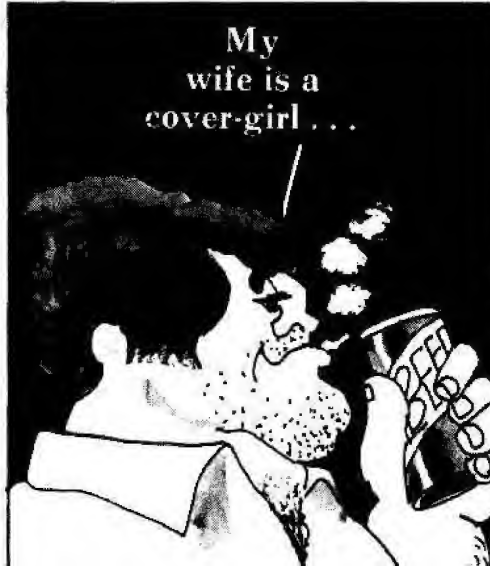
WHAT REALLY IS



My
ancestors
were all
swingers . . .



My
wife is a
cover-girl . . .



MEL BROOKS'

BLAZING SADDLES

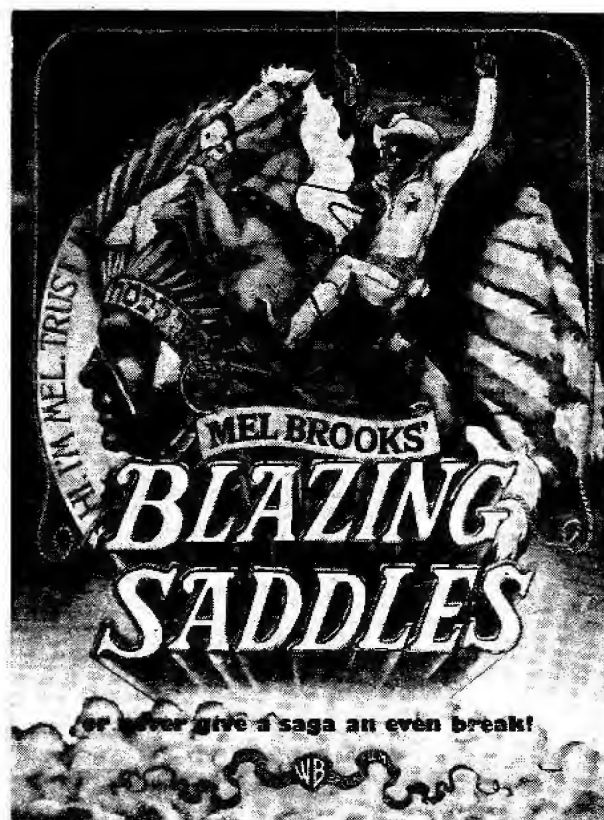
or never give a saga
an even break

A Review by
HOPE LEE

When a tribe of Indians surrounds and wipes out an entire wagon train and the first word out of the chief, after the slaughter, is Yiddish, you know it's a Mel Brooks picture. When a band of cowpokes sit around a campfire eating beans, and suddenly they erupt in an anal symphony, you know it's an MB ('MBecile) picture. When the camera pans slowly on the frontier town, zooming in one by one on the barber shop, the general store, the inevitable saloon; but when the next close-up shot shows a storefront with a sign overhead that reads "Howard Johnson's—I flavor," you know, again, that it's moviemaker-madcap Mel Brooks at work.

When the lead character, Cleavon Little (Bart), is a black man who saves the town and wears a saddle bag with the Gucci imprint, alas, it's Brooks working his strong suit (Brooks Brothers, natch). When the sheriff rides through the desert to the sound of accompanying background music, the Count Basie band, it's . . . When the characters in the movie end up seeing the movie as the plot unfolds inside a movie theater, or leave the picture by flagging a taxi outside the Warner Brothers' lot, it's . . .

What else can be said about the madman who made *The Producers*, with its hilarious Hitlerian "Springtime for Hitler" picture-within-the-picture? He has assembled such fellow lunatics as



Harvey Korman of the Carol Burnett show—who plays Hedley Lamarr (need more be said) and ends up dying by falling face first into wet cement at Grauman's Chinese, where he scrawls in his last moments, Hedley Lamarr and a dollar sign to emphasize his mercenary role in the film; Gene Wilder (Jim), the fastest draw in the West—so fast that audiences never see him move a muscle as he outguns a lineup of gunslingers; Dom DeLuise (Buddy Bizarre), who plays a lisping Busby Berkeley and implores his chorusboy "girls" to "put out their tush" in an hysterical lampoon of the old musicals; Alex Karris (Mongo the mongoloid), who bashes in heads better than he ever did on the football field, and Madeline Kahn (Lili von Shtupp), a Marlene Dietrich/Lili Marlene who will make you laugh every time you see a dance-hall or saloon girl cavort in a Western.

Oh, there's also director-writer-actor Mel Brooks (Governor Lepetomane), who plays this Western with a Roman touch: His fingers keep "roamin' " on the seven hills' (who's counting?) voluptuous body of his secretary.

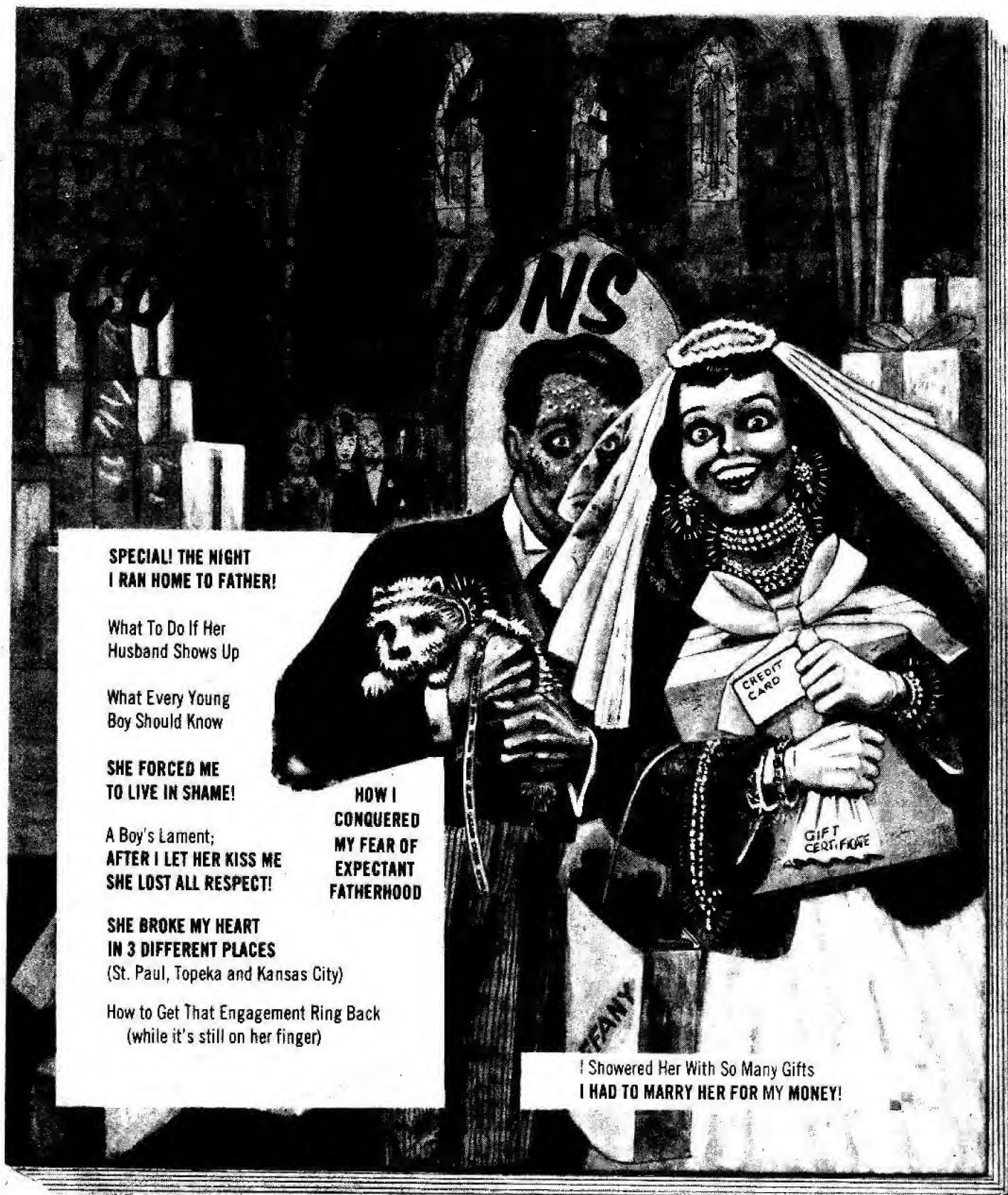
Brooks' rapier wit, unfortunately, puts this film in the X-rated category (rapier, gang, was a double-entendre). That means that a horde of young moviegoers hungry for good comedy must miss the Western that makes *High Noon* look like 8 AM Monday morning!

PUBLICATIONS

Take a look at Romance Confession magazines today. Every one of them is for women. They all give the girls a chance to sound off on their problems. But how about men? Men have a lot of problems too. How come some smart publisher doesn't try to publish a confession magazine for males!

Script by Paul Laikin

Art by Al Bare



**SPECIAL! THE NIGHT
I RAN HOME TO FATHER!**

What To Do If Her
Husband Shows Up

What Every Young
Boy Should Know

**SHE FORCED ME
TO LIVE IN SHAME!**

A Boy's Lament;
**AFTER I LET HER KISS ME
SHE LOST ALL RESPECT!**

**SHE BROKE MY HEART
IN 3 DIFFERENT PLACES**
(St. Paul, Topeka and Kansas City)

How to Get That Engagement Ring Back
(while it's still on her finger)

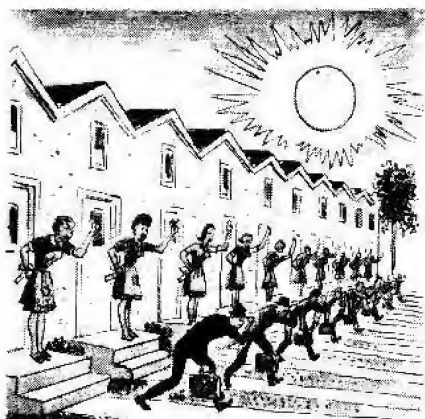
**HOW I
CONQUERED
MY FEAR OF
EXPECTANT
FATHERHOOD**

**I Showered Her With So Many Gifts
I HAD TO MARRY HER FOR MY MONEY!**

What is your masculine I.Q.? How much do you know about the workings of the female mind? Take this test and find out.

MAN'S ROMANTIC QUIZ

9 OUT OF 10 AMERICAN WIVES NAG THEIR HUSBANDS?



False. According to a nationwide study, this is definitely not the case. What the study showed was that 10 out of every 10 American wives nag their husbands!

SHY, MEEK MEN ALWAYS WIND UP MARRIED TO BIG, NAGGING WOMEN?



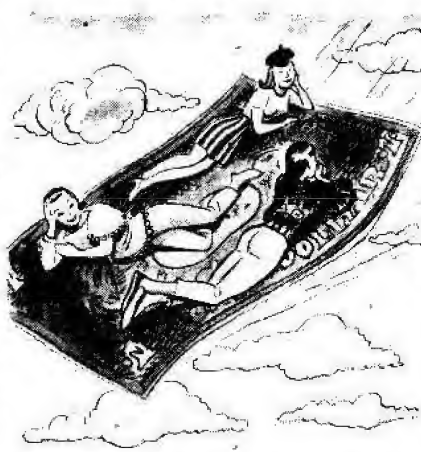
False. Conservative estimates show that only 40% of the shy, meek men marry this type of woman. The other 60% never marry at all!

NO MAN'S LIFE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A WIFE?



True. A recent survey showed that 95% of American males felt that after they married, their lives were complete. Finished. Over. Kaput. And the other 5% weren't living with their wives!

YOUNG GIRLS ONLY HAVE MARRIAGE ON THEIR MINDS?



Poppycock! Interviews with different types of girls revealed that they think of other things besides. For example; trousseaus, bridal gowns, honeymoons, etc.

Are You Embarrassed By FLAT, SAGGING MUSCLES?

The dangerous use of internal medications will not increase muscle size—but the secret exercises of our world-famous modeling school WILL! You don't risk your health—you do what nature forgot!

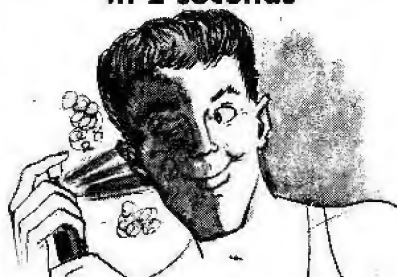


Don't be embarrassed by flat, sagging muscles any longer. Gain your manly right to beauty. Start on the road to blossoming muscle beauty.

MUSCLE BOUND INC.

Mishu, Ga.

Amazing New Creme Color Dye RE-COLORS COMPLEXION in 2 seconds



Change your anemic-type complexion into a glowing he-man red by using DR. BLUFFER'S FACIAL DYE. No messy mixing. Won't wash off or rub off. Simply spray a little on your face. You will immediately break out into a flaming ball of red-hot he-man color. SHOULD YOU TURN BLUE—Return the unused portion and your money will be cheerfully refunded. Don't delay. Only 10¢ postpaid.

FERSHLUGINER COLORERS
Fiven, Tenn.

DO YOU WANT THE COOLNESS OF COTTON NEXT TO YOUR SKIN?



**The Incredible
Living Longjohn
by PLAYSEX**



I KNEW I SHOULDA' LISTENED WHEN... *MOTHER WARNED ME ABOUT GIRLS LIKE RHODA!*

PRIZE-WINNING SOB STORY

Mother was right. I should have listened to her when she told me what I was headed for. I should have never started up with Rhoda. But I was young and impressionable, and Rhoda was so worldly and sophisticated that I couldn't resist. What she ever saw in me I'll never know. Yet I worshipped her. To me she was the kind of a girl you read about but never expect to meet in real life. Still, mother insisted that it would come to no good. I know now I should have listened to her.

It all happened the night that Rhoda took me up to her apartment. She said other people would be there, but nobody showed up. Then she excused herself and said that she wanted to slip into something more comfortable. Before I knew it she was back, in a flimsy negligee and holding two dry martinis. In a matter of seconds she had the phonograph on and the lights out. I finally found myself sitting right next to her on the couch.

Yes, I should have listened to my mother.

Now, I tell myself mournfully, how can I wear white at my wedding?

Do Blond Men Really Have More Fun?

IT ONLY SEEMS THAT WAY
ACCORDING TO RECENT SURVEY

The old-husband's tale that blond men have more fun than brunets has no basis in fact. This conclusion was reached after an independent survey was made recently by our Research Department. What happened was that a group of 14 interviewers were sent out all over the country, to talk to different types of men. Their findings showed that, on the whole, brunets have 2.8 percent more fun than their fair-haired counterparts.

GLARING MISCONCEPTION NOW BARED

Out of 1729 blond men interviewed, 978 said they were having fun in their lives; 723 reported that they were getting a few kicks every now and then; 19 admitted that they were merely holding their own; 8 confessed that they were bugged by it all; and one man told us to come back next July.

On the other hand, of the same number of brunet men questioned, all but 2 said they weren't happy. And these 2 happened to be in the shower when we called!



GROUP OF BLOND MEN SHOWING
THAT NOT ONE WAS HAVING ANY FUN



GROUP OF BRUNETS IN SAME SITUATION
SHOWING EACH ONE IN HIGH SPIRITS



Does He Or Doesn't He?

Hand limps so natural
only other hairdressers know for sure!

Most people think that all hairdressers do—but only other hairdressers know for sure! If you want to know for sure whether the fellow above does or doesn't—or who is and who ain't—then buy this book which gives you all the lowdown on the trade.



Miss Queerol

HAIR STYLISTS' GUIDE BOOK

More people prefer this book
than all other banned books combined.

BRAND-NEW REAL-GROOVY MAINLY-SICK

WACKY SENTENCES CONTEST

To enter this new SICK contest, all you have to do is send in a word together with a wacky sentence using that word.

For example:

DENIALCleopatra lived on **DENIAL**.
ARCHAICWe can't have **ARCHAIC** and eat it too.
FORFEITHis room is **FORFEIT** longer than mine.
STAGNATIONIf all the girls left, this would be a **STAGNATION**.
CONSCIENCE-STRICKENDon't **CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN** before they are **HATCHED**.

Get the idea? Then send in your word and sentence now. There's no limit on the amount you send in, but only one entry per person can win.



TEN BEST ENTRIES EACH RECEIVE
A FREE COPY OF
AN HILARIOUS NEW HUMOR BOOK

Don't delay, send your sentence today. Contest closes July 1, 1974. All entries become the property of SICK and none can be returned. Decision of the judges is final. Send your entries to:

SICK CONTEST, Pyramid Communications, Inc., 919 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. In case of duplicate submissions, the first entry received will be eligible for a prize.



SICK as it seems *by* LANGSTON



**Hobart
BEAZLEY**
Brooklyn, N.Y.

**OWNS 5,879,236
GOOD HUMOR ICE
CREAM POP STICKS
MARKED FREE!**

*(he claims he can break
the company anytime
he wants to!)*

**Nils
GRUMLY**
an OHIO
FARMER



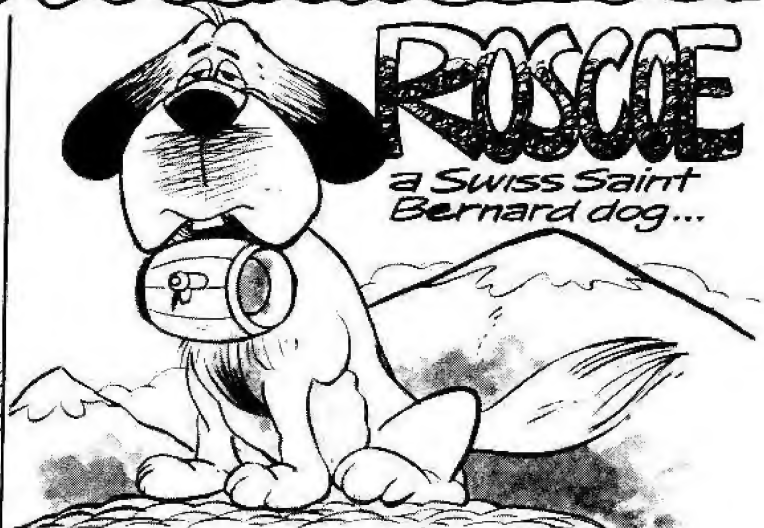
**CROSSED A
POTATO WITH
A SPONGE!**

*...it tastes terrible but
it holds a lot of
GRAVY!*

Barney Finster
**INVENTED AN ALARM CLOCK
THAT DOESN'T RING!**



*This is for
people who
like to
sleep late!*

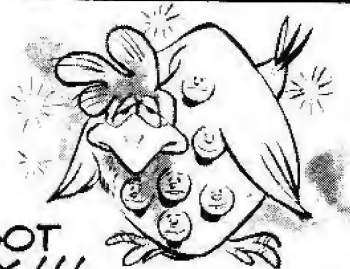


ROSCOE
a Swiss Saint
Bernard dog...

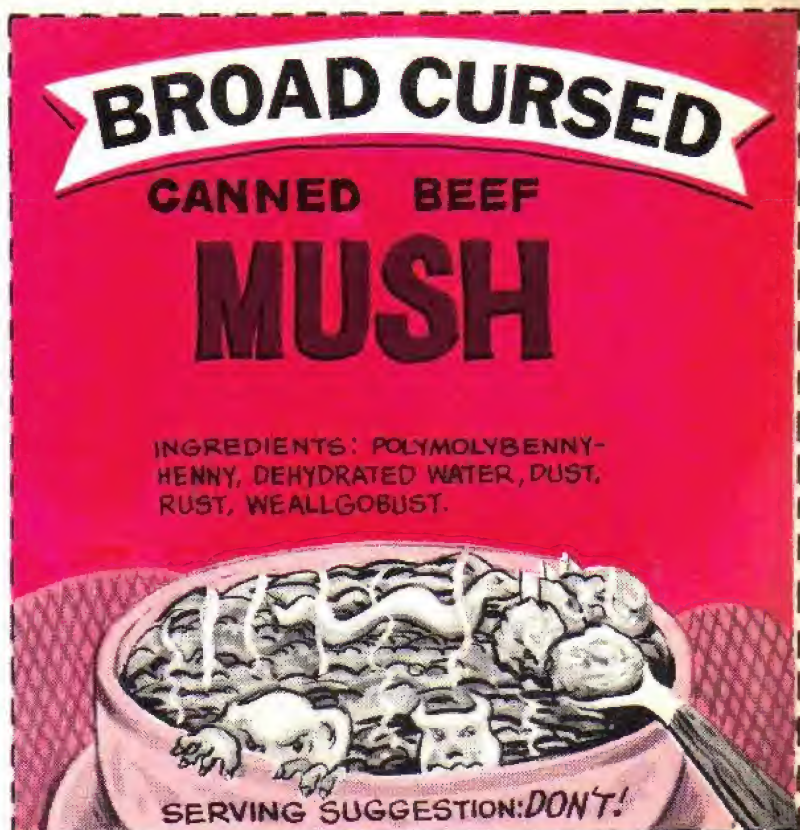
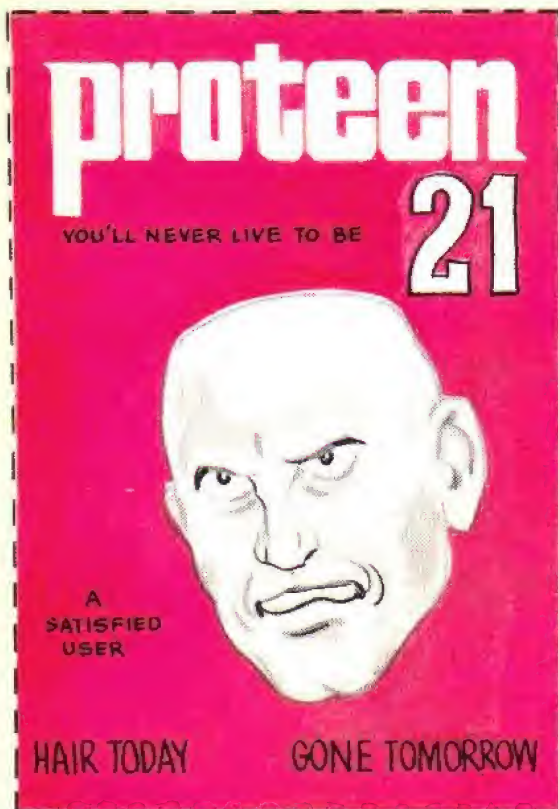
*...is a member of Alcoholics
Anonymous. When summoned
for help, he delivers a keg
containing a recorded talk
and a can of FRUIT JUICE!!!*

**SICK AS
IT SEEMS:**

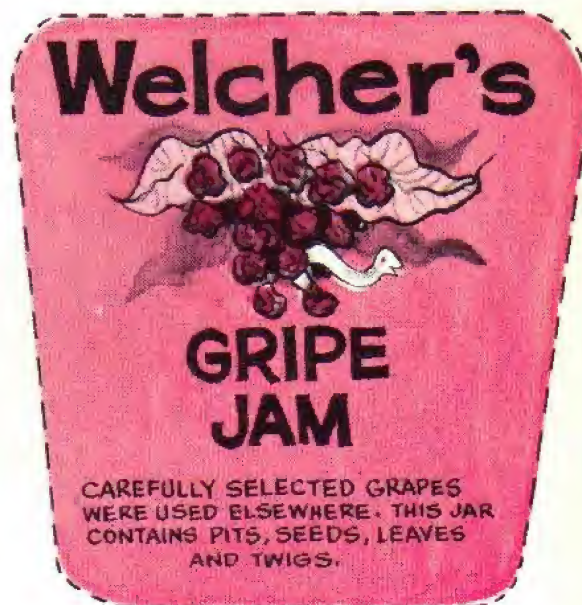
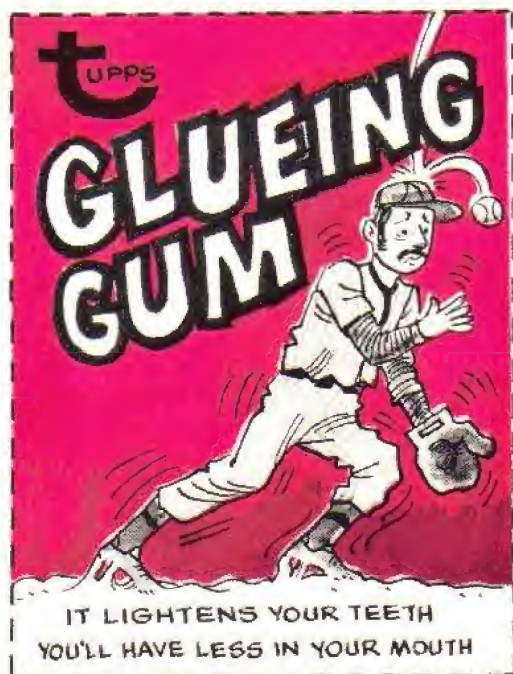
**A CHICKEN
IN FARGO,
North Dakota GOT
PEOPLE POX!!!**



LOONY LABELS



WHY DOESN'T BERLITZ TEACH POLISH?



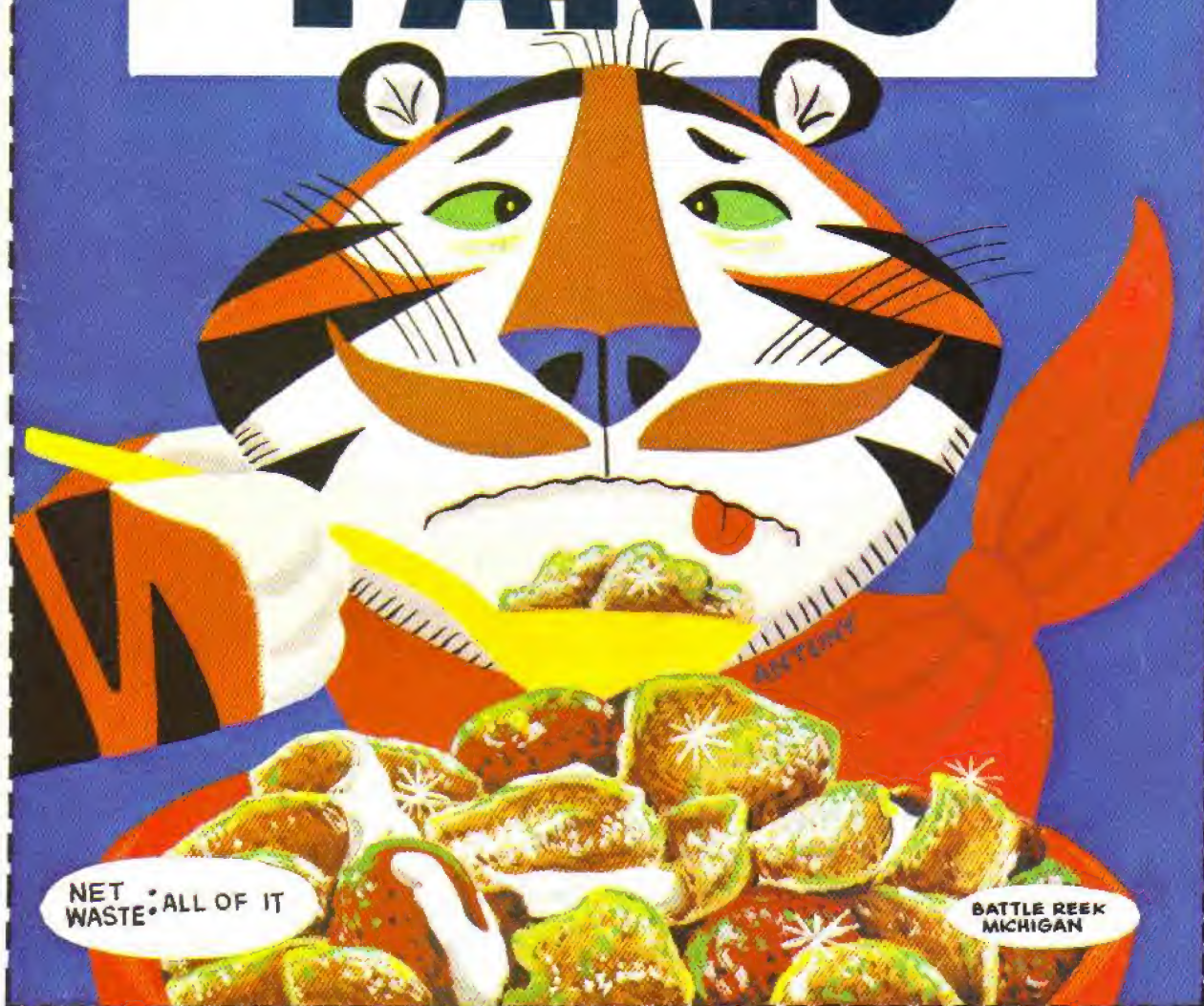
CUT-OUT AND PASTE OVER ORIGINALS

MORE INSIDE FRONT COVER

LOONY LABEL

VITAMIN
NULLIFIED

Kill-o-yg's SOGGY **FOISTED FAKES**



NET
WASTE • ALL OF IT

BATTLE REEK
MICHIGAN

CUT-OUT AND PASTE OVER ORIGINAL

MORE INSIDE FRONT AND BACK COVERS